

EDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,537



APRIL 28, 1900

THE GRAPHIC.

AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



STRAND

190

LONDON

PRICE NINEPENCE



THE RIGHT HON. THE MARQUIS OF ARGYLL SPEAKING IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS
FROM THE PORTRAIT SPECIALLY PAINTED FOR "THE GRAPHIC" BY SYDNEY P. HALL

THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 1,587.—VOL. LXI.
Registered as a Newspaper] EDITION
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1900

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENTS

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By Post, 9½d.



Dense crowds collected at Charing Cross to welcome the Prince of Wales on his arrival from the Continent on Saturday, all eager to show their delight at his safe return after his escape from the fanatic Sipido. Soon after six o'clock the throng of people in the outer yard of the station premises and in the adjoining streets was of such exceptional dimensions that an unusually large force of police was required to maintain a free passage for traffic. At the station to welcome the Prince were the King of Sweden and the Duke of York, and several distinguished personages. The train arrived punctually, and after the Prince had received the

congratulations of those on the platform, he stepped in a pair-horse brougham and drove, with the Duke of York, to Marlborough House. As the equipage passed into the courtyard a great cheer was raised, and the general public offered greetings marked by loyal enthusiasm. The Prince of Wales uncovered and bowed in acknowledgment, and both the Prince and his son were thus engaged practically the whole way to Marlborough House.

A HEARTY WELCOME: THE PRINCE OF WALES'S RETURN TO LONDON FROM THE CONTINENT

DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET

Topics of the Week

ONE of the most interesting items of news 'Reservists' received lately from Bloemfontein—apart, of course, from the intelligence of military movements—is the statement that an informal committee of officers has been formed in the Free State capital to promote a scheme for settling a body of Reservists in the Dutch Republics when the war is over. The rank and file in several of the regiments of Guards have been consulted, and it has been ascertained that a good many of them are willing to make their homes in South Africa if the authorities or some other organisation will assist their wives and children to join them. The scheme is an excellent one, for the reason that, if successful, it will provide a very valuable loyalist element in the conquered countries, and one which, from its military training, is likely to be useful in enabling the Imperial Government to restrict the South African garrison within proportions adapted to our military resources. The scheme, as outlined in the Bloemfontein telegram on the subject, seems to us, however, to err on the side of modesty. It is proposed to attract the Reservists by the great demand for labour of all kinds which is certain to follow on the restoration of peace, and it is further contemplated to make an appeal to private resources to equip the settling "Tomnies," and to pay the travelling expenses of their spouses and families. This is much too narrow a conception of the scheme. If it is to serve a really good purpose the Reservists should not alone be encouraged to take up urban employment, which may or may not be permanent, but they should be aided to settle on the land and to form a class of British yeoman farmers who would be permanently attached to their new country by proprietorial interests in the soil. Both in the Transvaal and the Free State there is plenty of good land which may be used for this purpose without dispossessing a single Boer. Colonies of this kind would be a true bulwark of Empire. By a similar scheme the Russians in Central Asia are to-day consolidating their conquests, and it was also by agricultural colonies of time-expired legionaries that the Romans garrisoned and kept the outposts of their great Empire. Nor would such colonies act only as a military garrison. By helping in the agricultural development of South Africa they would be promoting the welfare of the country in the direction in which it most needs help. South Africa will never be permanently prosperous, and consequently will never be wholly free from discontent, until its agriculture is placed on a better footing. The gold mines and diamond mines will not last for ever—they may not even last for a very long time—and when they are exhausted South Africa will only have the *velvet* to fall back upon, and if that is not cultivated it will inevitably relapse into a sort of desert thinly populated by the hardy Boers, who alone can manage to live on it. For these reasons we think the scheme should not be left to private initiative. The recolonisation of South Africa by British subjects will be one of the most important branches of the reconstructive work which this country will have to undertake as soon as the war is over. The establishment of Reservist colonies would form an excellent beginning for this great enterprise, and hence it should be undertaken with public resources and Government machinery. The duty of the "man in the street," or of the officers at Bloemfontein who are interesting themselves in the subject, is to stir up the Government to act in the matter.

THE motor-car has, it is clear, come to stay, like its forerunner, the cycle. Both had to live down early indiscretions on the part of their promoters; what between absurd vaunts that horse-power was disestablished for traction, and Stock Exchange manipulations, the motor-car had a specially bad time during infancy. But when even the London to Brighton fiasco did not kill the bantling, although retarding its growth, its ultimate success became assured. What the limits of that success will be no human foresight can discern. But some achievements are already inevitable. For pleasure purposes it has already acquired considerable vogue, and this favour will increase as the cost of cars diminishes. No longer, either, will buyers insist on an exceptional rate of speed as a *sine quâ non*. Those to whom that is the only desideratum will, we predict, eventually form only a small minority. What the public desires is a machine capable of compassing, say, 100 miles straight away at a uniform pace of from ten to twelve miles an hour, without any risk of either mechanical strain or of running short of fuel. The Automobile Club has wisely accommodated its present competition to these governing conditions; everything in the shape of racing is strictly forbidden. To increase the stringency of the test still more, hilly roads as well as level have been included in the long journey. It may be accepted, therefore, that any car which comes out successfully from the trial must be so modelled as to be suitable for the conveyance of either passengers or goods on fairly level roads. Hill-climbing practically operates, as regards propelling power, in much the same way as an increase of weight.

A Light Session

PARLIAMENT reassembled on Thursday after an unusually prolonged Easter recess for a programme of work which is strikingly scanty. Indeed, it may safely be said that not since the easy-going days of Lord Palmerston, has the House of Lords had so little work to do. So far as domestic legislation is concerned, there is not a single first-class measure on the table. The most important Bills are the Money-Lending Bill and the Companies Bill. In the interest of the country it is highly desirable that both measures should pass, and probably both would be the better for a good deal of stiffening in committee. Unfortunately neither measure appeals to politicians *quâ* politicians. There is no party capital to be made out of them either for the Government or for the Opposition, and, therefore, taking the House of Commons as it is, the chances are that both these Bills may be allowed to glide into oblivion. Two other measures of social and industrial importance have been introduced by the Government. One is a Bill to amend the Agricultural Holdings Act, and the other a Bill to amend the Factories Act. There have been times in our political history when the mere titles of those Bills would have stirred the keenest interest, but those times are not these. The present Bills are merely departmental measures introduced with the object of effecting some very small improvements in existing legislation. If the Government presses them forward they should get through without difficulty, but no one will be greatly perturbed if they are abandoned. One other domestic Bill worth mentioning is a Bill to extend the benefits of the Compensation to Workmen's Act to agricultural labourers. This is not a Government Bill, but it was introduced by Tory members and warmly supported by the Government, and as it might have a direct influence on the vote of the agricultural labourer, it probably has a better chance of passing than any of the other Bills mentioned. But though the domestic Bills are neither numerous nor important, there is one measure of first-class importance which Parliament must pass before the Session closes. This is the Australian Federation Bill. A good deal of discussion has arisen over one clause of the Bill, to which, possibly, too much importance has been attached on both sides, and on this particular point some debate may take place. Apart from this question the Bill will probably go through without discussion except for a few set speeches. Taking the programme as a whole it seems probable that Parliament will be able to enjoy another long holiday at Whitsuntide, and to wind up the session—and possibly its own existence—before the end of July.

The Duke of Argyll

THE late Duke of Argyll presented a combination, which is perhaps somewhat rare, of ancient lineage and striking personality. For many more centuries than most English peerages can count the Campbells have been one of the great families of Scotland. It is more than six hundred years since a Campbell obtained the title of "More," or Great, and received the honour of knighthood. He was the first Sir Colin Campbell, and the first MacCalain More. Within two centuries of his death the head of the family was raised to the Earldom of Argyll, and subsequently became Lord High Chancellor of Scotland. A series of prosperous and honoured erls succeeded, but a family so prominent could not escape the responsibilities of its position, and the Great Rebellion and the subsequent Restoration cost the Campbells a heavy price. The eighth earl was executed for high treason in Edinburgh in 1661, and his son, the ninth earl, was executed on the same spot twenty-four years later. The Campbells had, therefore, little reason to love the Stuarts, and the tenth earl threw himself heartily into the cause of William of Orange. For the services he rendered to that cause he was promoted, in 1701, to the Dukedom of Argyll, with additional titles too numerous to set down here. Half a century later the fifth duke received an English peerage with the title of Baron Sundridge. This was the title by which the late Duke was officially known in the House of Lords up to the year 1892, when his Scotch dukedom was converted into a dukedom of the United Kingdom.

Coming of a great Whig family the late, or eighth duke, was almost up to the time of the Home Rule split a keen ally of the Liberal party. He held office in both of Lord Palmerston's ministries, first as Postmaster-General and then as Lord Privy Seal. In 1868 he joined Mr. Gladstone's first cabinet as Secretary of State for India, and was for a short time member of Mr. Gladstone's second cabinet formed in 1880. He took exception, however, to the main provisions of the Irish Land Bill of 1881, and on that account resigned his seat in the Liberal cabinet. In 1886, when the fatal split came, the Duke of Argyll joined the Liberal-Unionist party, and devoted his remarkable powers of speech and pen to combating the Home Rule movement. One of the finest of the many great speeches he delivered in the House of Lords was in 1893, when Mr. Gladstone's second Home Rule Bill was rejected by an overwhelming vote of the Peers. In one of those beautiful passages which recalled the oratory of a past generation he described how, from his house on the Mull of Cantire, he could look down upon the hills of Antrim and see the corn waving in the sunshine and the light gleaming in the cottage windows—"And this, my Lords, is the country which we are told must be governed as we govern the Antipodes."

Few people who heard that speech will forget the picture:—The figure of the Duke, so erect and dignified that all consciousness of his slightness disappeared, the snow-white head, the stately gesture, and the well-marshalled words carrying with them the charm that cultivated oratory alone can give. The House of Lords is very much the poorer for the loss of so brilliant an ornament.

The Duke's activities, however, were by no means limited to politics. He was a most prolific writer on religious, economic, and philosophic questions, and he also produced many smaller papers on matters of archaeological or scientific interest. The late Duke was born in 1823, and was three times married.

Club Comments

By "MARMADUKE"

It seems to be almost certain now that the Government will not dissolve until the close of the war. Meanwhile, those who are in a position to, more or less, consider coming events intelligently have discovered a nest of wonders. It is obvious that Lord Salisbury will retire into private life. It is possible that the Duke of Devonshire may refuse to resume office if the Liberal Unionist Party is successful at the polls. It is also possible that Mr. Arthur Balfour may elect to be transferred to the House of Lords. That solution of the problem would be satisfactory to Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, as it would leave him the almost undisputed Leader of the House of Commons.

But the Tory element may object to be led by a Liberal. Moreover the weight of political abilities would be on the Liberal side of the alliance. There is reason to believe that the opportunity which the General Elections will provide will be seized either to fuse the dissented Liberals with the Conservatives, or for the former to dissociate themselves from the latter. A Liberal Imperialist party, with Mr. Joseph Chamberlain as Leader, might possibly appeal with success to the constituency in the absence of Lord Salisbury. More especially might this be accomplished were Lord Rosebery to contract an alliance with Mr. Chamberlain.

There cannot well be a London season this year. The season is the great matrimonial fair of the country, and marriages cannot be made in the absence of the men. London will lose by that, but the rejoicings over the conquest of the Transvaal, the peace celebrations, and the festivities when the troops return will amply make up for the loss. It is also to be remembered that the new Parliament will meet at St. Stephen's to consider the terms of peace. London will, therefore, be full for months, and, possibly, during the time when it is generally empty. Then the close of the year will be occupied with celebrations of the new century, for the Twentieth Century will not be allowed to come like a thief in the night.

The nation will have to deal with another difficulty when the war is ended. Many officers will return home either disabled by their wounds or with their constitutions permanently injured. Several of them will find it difficult to live according to their position of their pension. How is that difficulty to be met? Some of them may find employment as club secretaries, and others may obtain berths as secretaries to public companies, but many will be left unprovided for. A fund should be founded for the purpose of supplementing the pensions of such officers. They will have sustained their injuries in the service of their country, and it is only right that the country should support them when misfortune has overtaken them.

Foreigners who have recently visited London are surprised to find that the war seems so little to affect the general conditions of life. The theatres and the restaurants are as full as ever, the races and the football matches attract as much attention as ever, and the women wear as brightly-coloured frocks as if the war were not. The fact is that the fighting is not at our door, and many fail to realise in consequence that there is war. During the Franco-German War many of the women of both countries made it a point to dress in black or in neutral colours, and it would be more becoming were the women of England to do that now.

It is to be hoped that the Birthday Honours' list will contain the names of Sir George White and of Captain Sir Percy Scott—the heroes of Ladysmith. It is difficult to find a satisfactory explanation for the delay which has already occurred in rewarding their services.

Why is there not a London Tree-Planting Association? Were those who reside in well-to-do streets and squares to combine they could, with a comparatively trifling outlay, do much to improve their surroundings. All such streets and squares should have trees at intervals near the edge of the pavement. The authorities would willingly help to carry such a scheme out, and were it extensively done London would soon be less squalid-looking than it is. It is to be regretted, also, that the residents in such squares as Grosvenor and Berkeley Square do not permit the public to use the large enclosures in the centre of these during the summer months. It is only occasionally that the residents use them themselves, and there is, therefore, the less reason for their excluding their poorer neighbours.

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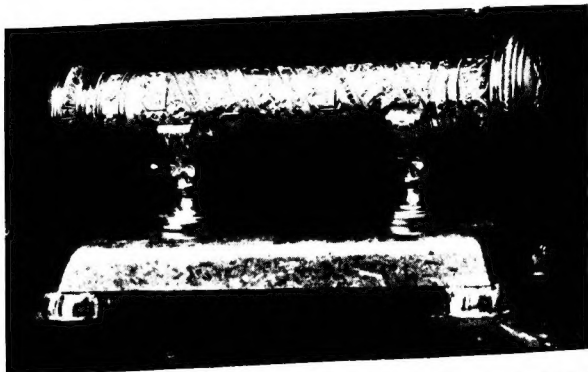
The New Gallery

As a mixed show of many kinds of art-work the present Exhibition at the New Gallery is certainly of more than average interest. It includes quite a considerable number of pictures that have merits of a very memorable kind, good examples of modern practice which illustrate the originality and variety of many of our most prominent painters. Among the figure subjects of commanding importance there are few to equal Mr. Brangwyn's "Charity," a composition of several figures arranged with admirable skill and handled with robust and masculine craftsmanship. It has exquisite qualities of colour combination and tone gradation, qualities that comparatively few living artists aim at or attain; and it has a marked amount of wholesome individuality, without any hint of eccentricity or sensational display. By way of a contrast in decorative methods, Sir J. D. Linton's "Boccaccio" may be compared with it. Both pictures are designs in which minute thought has been given to every detail of treatment, and each one represents the sincere beliefs of a painter whose naturally great abilities have been developed by sound practice. Mr. Brangwyn has sought for subtlety and aerial variety; but in the "Boccaccio" a weightier and more decided scheme has been carried out, and more use has been made of definite contrasts of tone and colour. Of another type, again, is Mr. Austen Brown's "Wayside Pasture," a decoration in so far as it ignores the realistic reproduction of the facts of nature, or, at least, subordinates them to a preconceived idea of pictorial arrangement, and yet a piece of naturalism in that it presents a subject that is neither romantic nor illustrative. Its chief charm lies in its splendour of colour, in its harmony of deep reds and golden browns; but it is memorable also on account of its powerful craftsmanship and largeness of style.

The portraits in the Exhibition are fairly numerous, and, on the whole, of unusual interest. The two contributions of Mr. J. S. Sargent—the full-length of "The Hon. Victoria Stanley," and the smaller picture of "Major-General Ian Hamilton"—have all the amazing vitality and vividness of character that he has accustomed us to expect in his work, and are painted with superb skill. Mr. Robert Brough's three-quarter length of "The Viscountess Encombe" is not wanting in distinction and in beauty of well-modulated colour; and the two canvases by Mr. J. J. Shannon show the best development of his always elegant and accomplished method. The smaller of the two, a portrait of his wife, is in some ways one of the best pieces of painting that he has exhibited for some while. Some other excellent examples of the same class of art are Mr. R. Jack's "Mrs. Henry Allhusen," Mr. Coutts Michie's "Mrs. Hingley," Mr. W. Llewellyn's "Lady Delamere," Mr. G. F. Watts's "Wilfrid S. Blunt, Esq.," and the two three-quarter lengths by Sir George Reid.

It is, however, among the landscapes and studies of open-air subjects that the greatest number of notable achievements is to be found. The monumental dignity and significance of Mr. Peppercorn's "Evening," the brilliancy and vivacity of Mr. Mark Fisher's "Water Frolic," the fine decorative quality and charm of exquisitely combined colour in Mr. East's "Early Dawn, Lago Maggiore," the truth and directness of Mr. P. W. Allen's seapiece, "All Hands on Deck," the elegance and subtle atmosphere of Mr. Coutts Michie's "Nature's Gleaners," and the delightfully sensitive management of refinements of colour and tone in Mr. Leslie Thomson's "Summer Gold," mark all these pictures as being the work of men with the most complete understanding of their responsibilities. There is conspicuous merit also in Mr. J. L. Pickering's "Silence of the Hills," Mr. Alfred Hartley's "Night," Mr. George Wetherbee's "Sylvan Stream," Mr. Harold Speed's "September Morning on the Dart," Mr. Moffat Lindner's "Boats leaving Dordrecht," Sir W. B. Richmond's wonderfully delicate study of a nude figure, "By Summer Seas," Mr. Edward Stott's twilight effect, "The Widow's Ave," and the two decorative fancies, "A Song of Spring" and "Ashes of Roses," by Mr. G. H. Boughton. Mr. F. M. Skipworth shows a pretty study of a young girl, "Isult," and M. Fernand Khnopff a clever but curious bit of painting, a "Portrait of Mrs. P." A large canvas by Mrs. De Morgan, "The Spear of Ithuriel," handled with the most elaborate care and attention to minute detail, represents sufficiently well the school of which Sir Edward Burne-Jones was the leader.

In the sculpture gallery there is comparatively little work that calls for comment. The busts by Mr. G. J. Frampton, Mr. Alfred Drury, M. Emil Fuchs, and Mr. Conrad Dressler, a statuette by Mr. Derwent Wood, and a sketch by Mr. F. W. Pomeroy for the proposed statue of Oliver Cromwell, are the most successful efforts; and the enamels and jewellery by Miss Hallé, Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Dawson, and Mr. A. J. Gaskin are decidedly attractive. The overmantel in enamel and ivory, by Mr. Alexander Fisher, is technically of very great interest, but it is in style and treatment a little too redundant to be quite satisfactory. The artist shows in it a surprising ingenuity in his use of materials, but he has not combined them with his usual good taste.



Although the Queen was unable to visit Belfast, the citizens were not to be deprived of the pleasure of presenting an address to her Majesty. The address was enclosed in a casket of solid gold mounted on Connemara marble. It was designed and manufactured by Sharran O'Neill, of Belfast.

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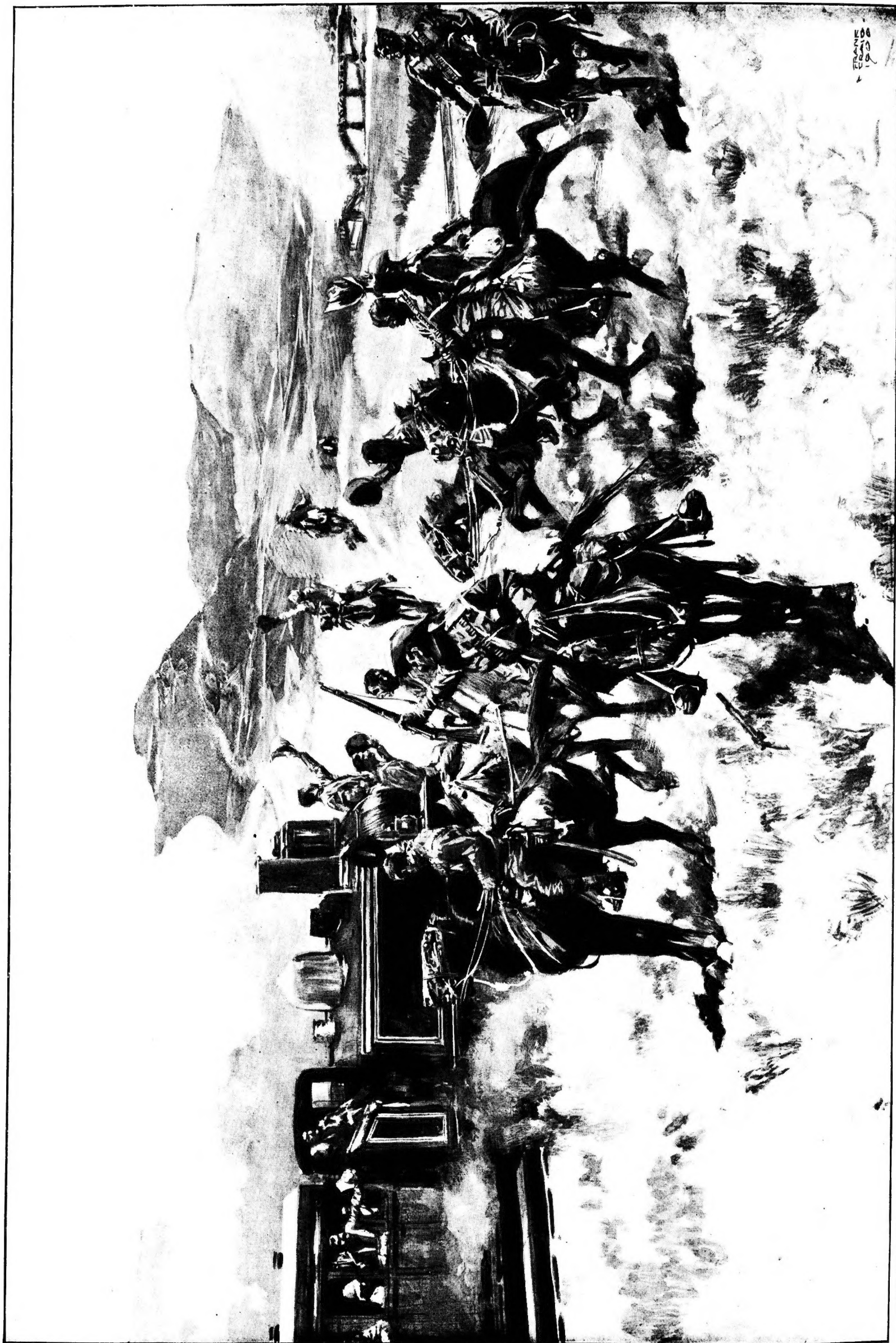
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FROM A SKETCH BY "E. C. G."

The forces of Lord Roberts and General Clements met at Norval's Pont on March 15. The Grenadiers were sent down by Lord Roberts from Bloemfontein by train, and four of their officers, sitting on the front of the engine, were the first to greet the Australian Horse (General Clements's advance guard) after they had passed the River into the Orange Free State. The broken railway bridge at Norval's Pont is shown in the middle distance of the sketch.

JOINING HANDS: HOW THE FORCES OF LORD ROBERTS AND GENERAL CLEMENTS MET AT NORVAL'S PONT



DRAWN BY N. W. MACBETH, A.R.A.

Some 1,000 men were in hospital at Pietermaritzburg on St. Patrick's Day, and a large number of them were Irishmen. Every effort was made to render the day happy for them. Ladies visited the hospital and distributed shamrock, and the Irish generally agreed that it was a "saint's day entirely." The convalescents were entertained in the afternoon in the grounds of St. Anne's College, and the girls of the College, dressed in white, waited on the soldiers, who seemed to enjoy themselves thoroughly.

FROM A SKETCH BY AGNES M. JOHNSON

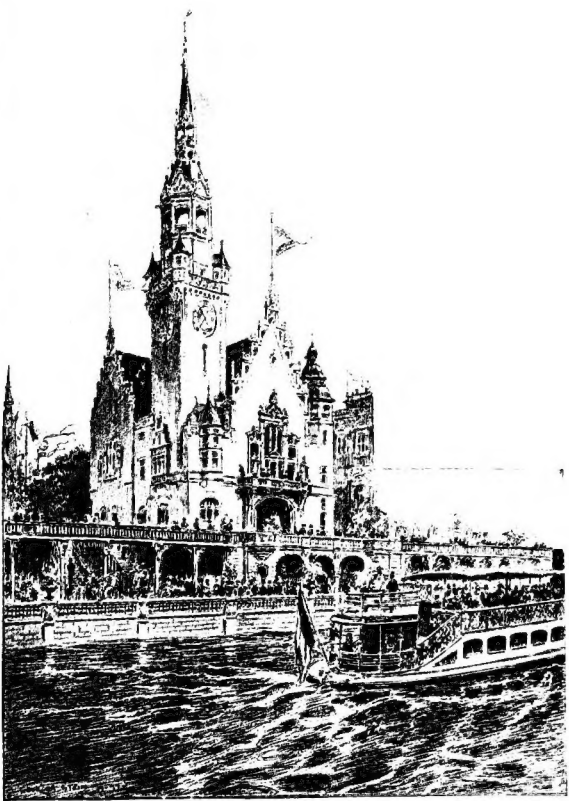
ST. PATRICK'S DAY WITH THE WOUNDED FROM THE FRONT: IN THE HOSPITAL AT PIETERMARITZBURG



THE SPANISH PAVILION



THE PALACE OF MINES AND METALLURGY



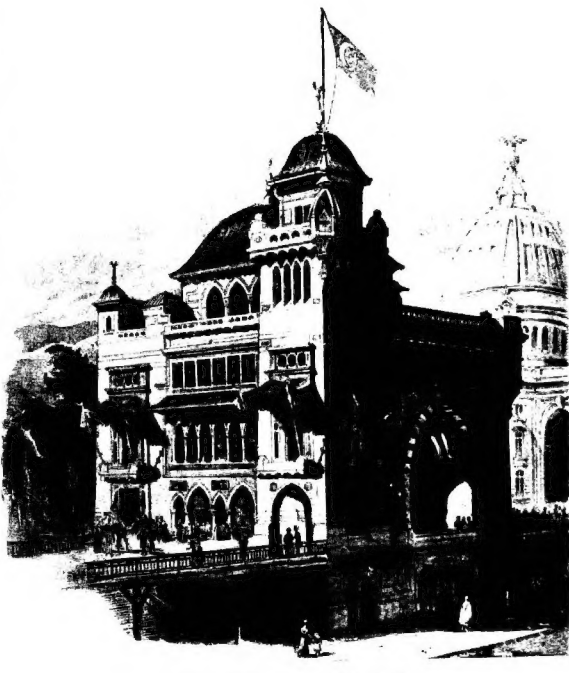
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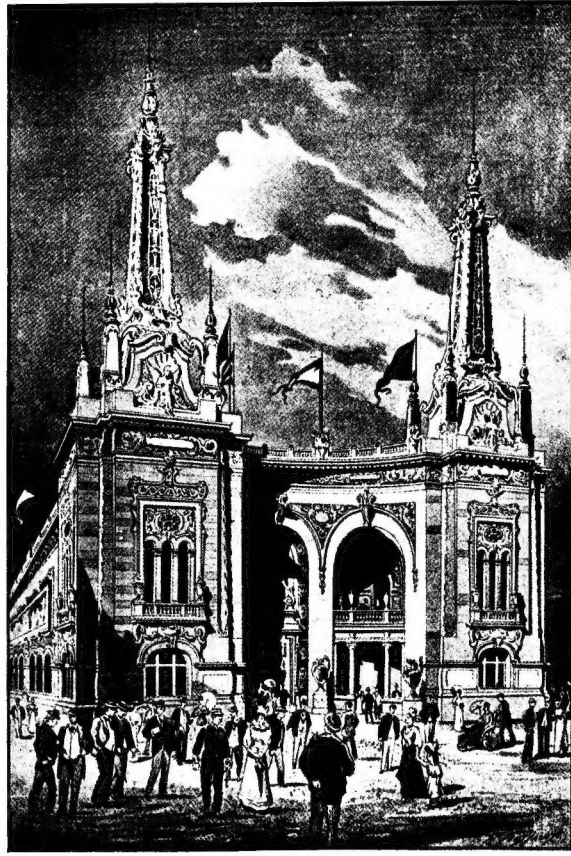
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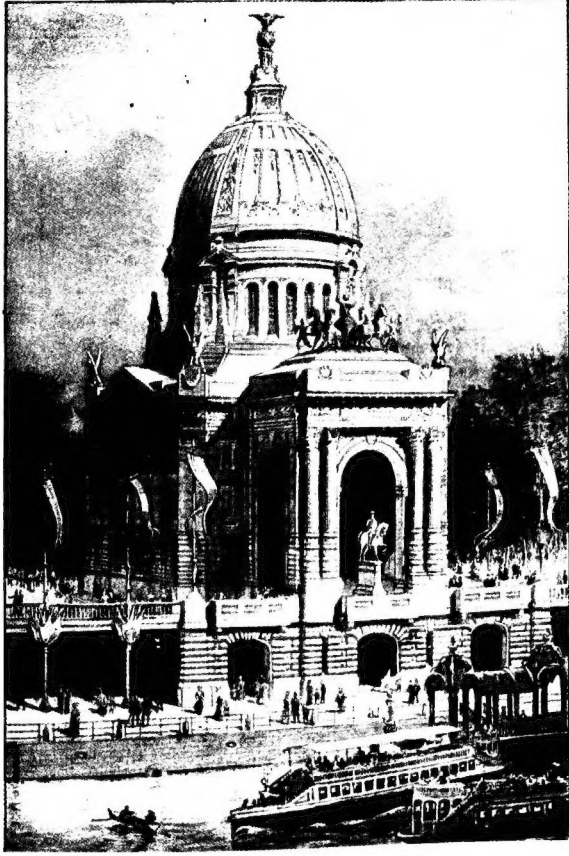
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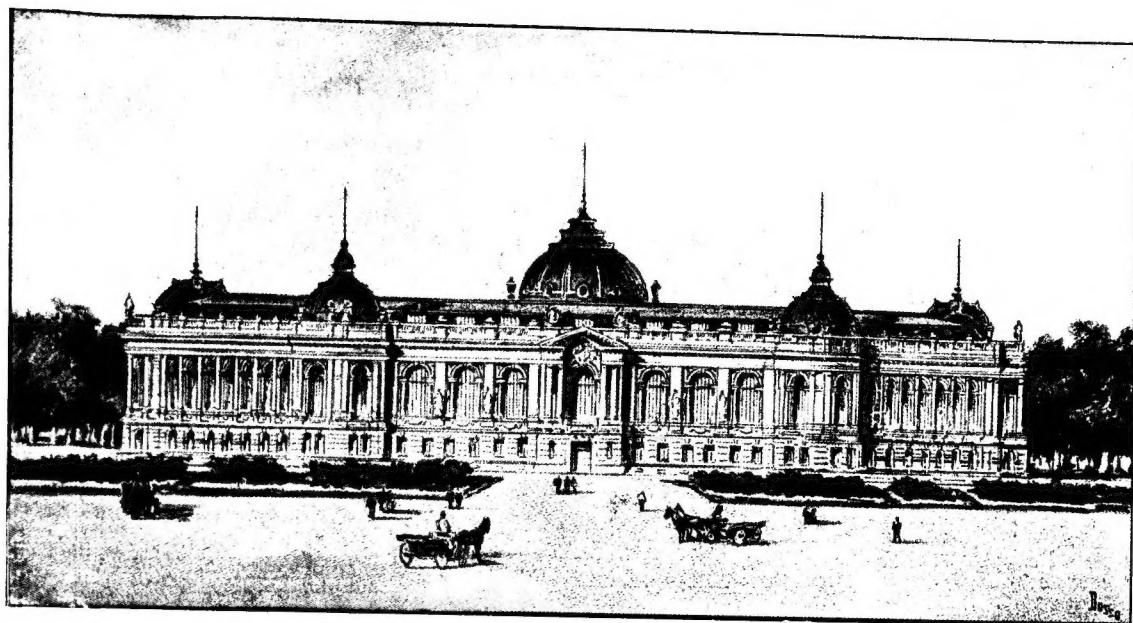
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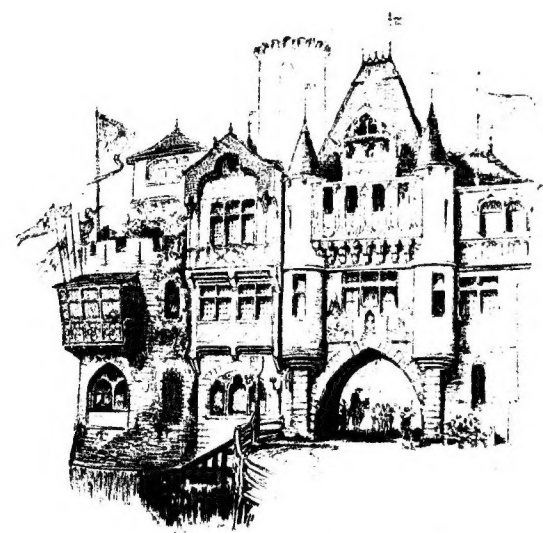
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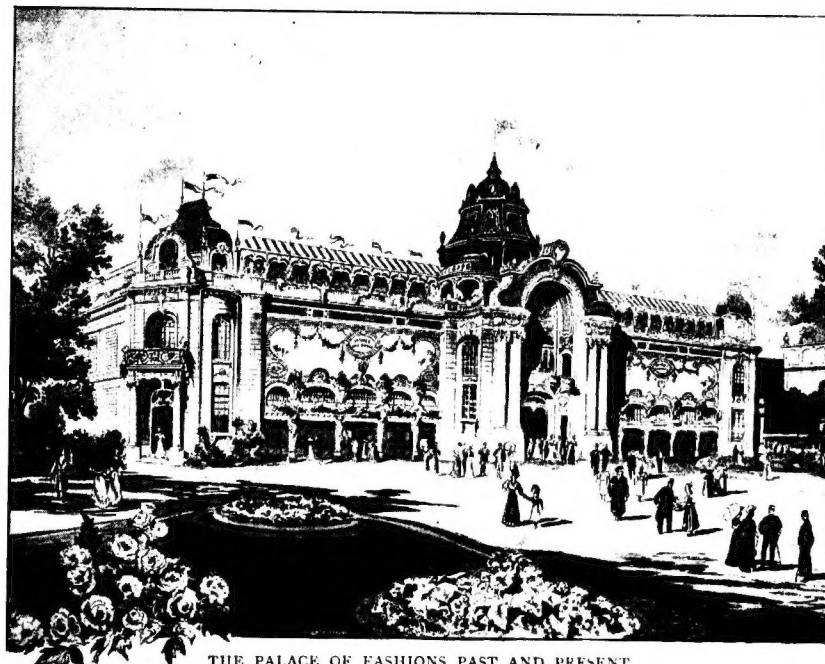
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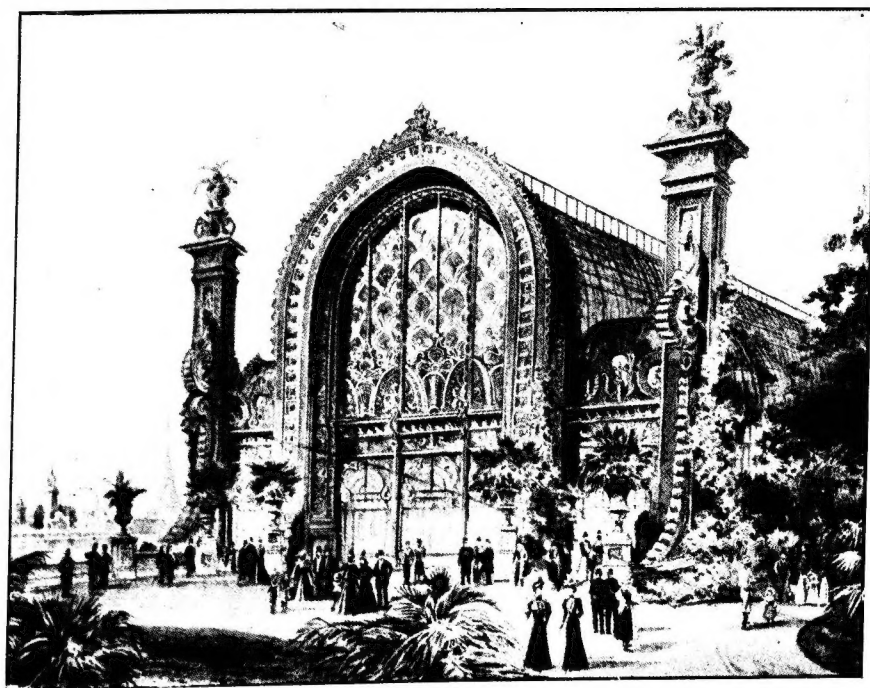
OLD PARIS: THE PORTE SAINT MICHEL



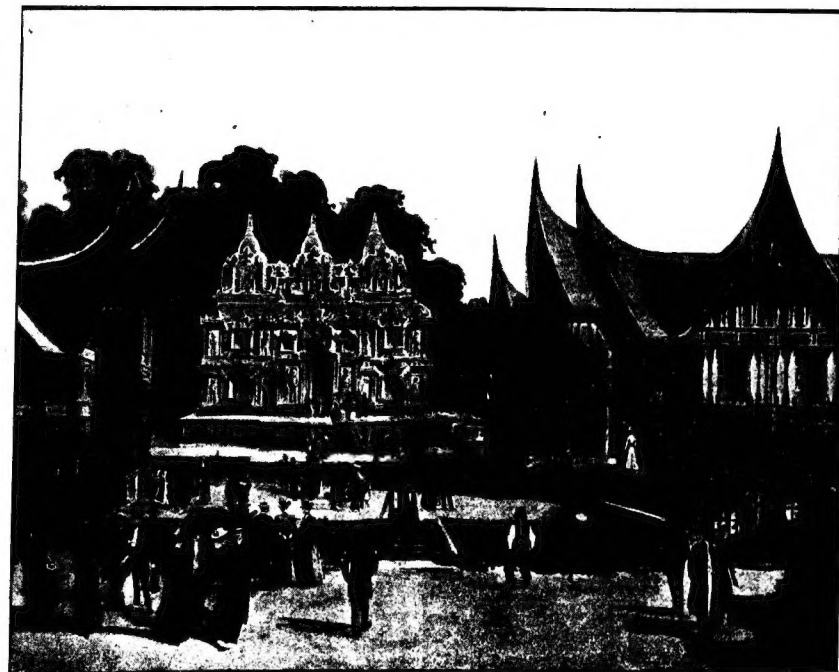
THE ROUND-THE-WORLD PANORAMA



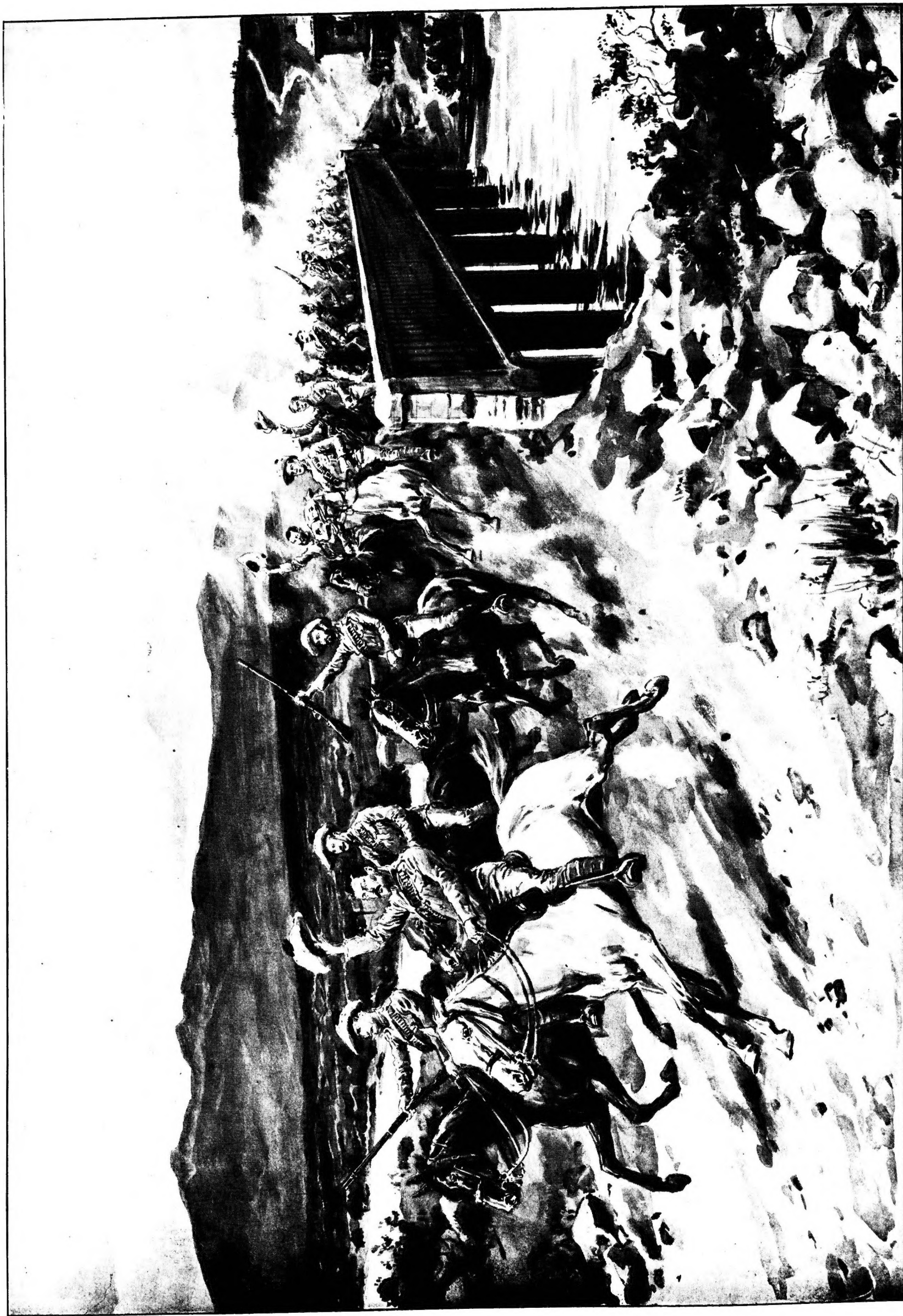
THE PALACE OF FASHIONS PAST AND PRESENT



THE PALACE OF HORTICULTURE



THE DUTCH COLONIES: A JAVAN TEMPLE AND HILL DWELLINGS OF SUMATRA



DRAWN BY FRANK DAVID, R.A.

Our Correspondent writes:—"When the order was given for the mounted troops to cross the bridge and make a dash for the kopjes, three miles distant on the other side, Montmorency's scouts led the way over the bridge at full gallop and deployed rapidly on the other side. As they galloped down the incline on to Free State soil every man cheered at having at last got into the enemy's country."

FROM A SKETCH BY A BRITISH OFFICER

INTO THE FREE STATE AT LAST: MONTMORENCY'S SCOUTS CROSSING THE FRONTIER

CHLORIS OF THE ISLAND

By H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON. Illustrated by C. E. and H. M. BROCK

CHAPTER IV.—(continued)

CAUTIOUSLY he turned an angle, yet for all that caution was fetched abruptly into the light of torches and into the presence of a bustling, noisy scene. The cavern was the theatre of miniature docks. In the foreground, beached upon a shore of sand and shells, lay the schooner, while under the conflagration of torches a score of men were plying to and fro, rolling barrels and shouting orders to one another. No doubt they deemed themselves secure in these intestines of the cliff; there could be no unwelcome visitor upon Lynsea to overhear these rumblings from the bowels of the earth; and were any such walking upon the heights above or putting past the Skittles, the roar of the water would effectually drown all other noises. Warburton was aware that a low commotion filled the vault; it was like some monstrous shell that hummed with the wind and tide. The sounds of the sea crept into all the corners and moaned dolorously. It was as though a hundred thousand voices whispered together out of the dark recesses. A central light flared near the schooner and lit up the face and figure of one whom Warburton knew well. It was Nicholas Carmichael, his black hair tossing loosely, and his strong features marked with excitement and red with light. Roger Warburton smiled in his heart, for he had come upon his revenge very early. He had not looked for so easy a triumph. Here was the connection between the Carmichaels and that illicit trade established beyond question. He saw now what was the nature of their influence in the neighbourhood. Mostly the men wore the look of foreigners, and some had golden rings in their ears, but some he guessed to be natives of Marlock. All these observations he made swiftly, and ere he turned his attention to his own safety. It was in the nick of time that he did so, for Carmichael had walked quickly and unexpectedly towards the ledge of rock in company with two others. One of these was speaking glibly in broken English, and using his hands and eyes expressively to eke out his narrow vocabulary.

"But I assure you, sar, there was no boat," says this fellow. "You are mistaken. Indeed, but there could be none." "I tell you," said Nicholas Carmichael, impatiently, "there was a boat, and we took it for yours. I thought you had laid it up below. She came upon your tail; damme, right under your counter." The foreigner shrugged his shoulders. He was a polite man, but obstinate. If Monsieur thought so, Monsieur might look and see. Monsieur was welcome to his illusions. With an exclamation of disgust Carmichael leaped upon the rude ledge and came striding towards Warburton. The significance of this conversation

to have seen him. He must be harbouring on the water side."

Warburton heard the words and knew that sentence had been pronounced on him. He rolled over, looking right and left to see if he could discern any way of flight, but there only remained the entrance to the cavern, up which the flood of the tide rolled heavily. Yet he would be captured if he stayed where he was. He took a breath into his chest and dived under, striking out across the line of light towards the mouth. How long he was below he could not guess, but his head was splitting ere he came to the surface, and found, to his chagrin, that the tide had deflected him, and that he had risen in the fiercest arc of that illumination. A shout announced that he was seen, and a bullet smacked upon the water by him. Also, several of the smugglers plunged into the sea towards him. He cast a quick glance round. He was within ten yards of the



"Nicholas uttered an oath. 'Silly jade!' he cried. 'Hands off! I will have my way on this spy!'"



"Five minutes had not elapsed ere he was flung heavily upon the sands"

had not escaped the latter. He knew now that his discovery was certain, that it might be deferred but could not be prevented in the end. He had no time to retreat and gain his cutter, and even if he were able to do so without attracting attention he had no hope to cut off in that darkness, among unknown rocks and without the aid of any wind. The darkness betrayed him a thousand times worse than the light. Yet he took advantage of that darkness now, as the only plan upon which his wits could hit. He stooped, and, with Nicholas Carmichael scarce twenty feet from him, he dipped soundlessly into the water and slid into the black shadow that the schooner cast. For the second time this nefarious boat gave him succour, but how long his respite would last he did not bother his mind with wondering. It was impossible for him to venture from this refuge, for the torches glared upon the water upon each side of the dark hulk, and to move in either direction would be to risk a detection which was almost certain. So he lay under the water and waited, trusting to the turn of chance. Presently after he could espy Nicholas Carmichael running swiftly along the ledge, and he knew that the cutter had been discovered. Carmichael leaped to the beach and turned furiously on the foreigner to whom he had been speaking.

"You fool, Ditran," said he, "the boat is there. We have a spy among us."

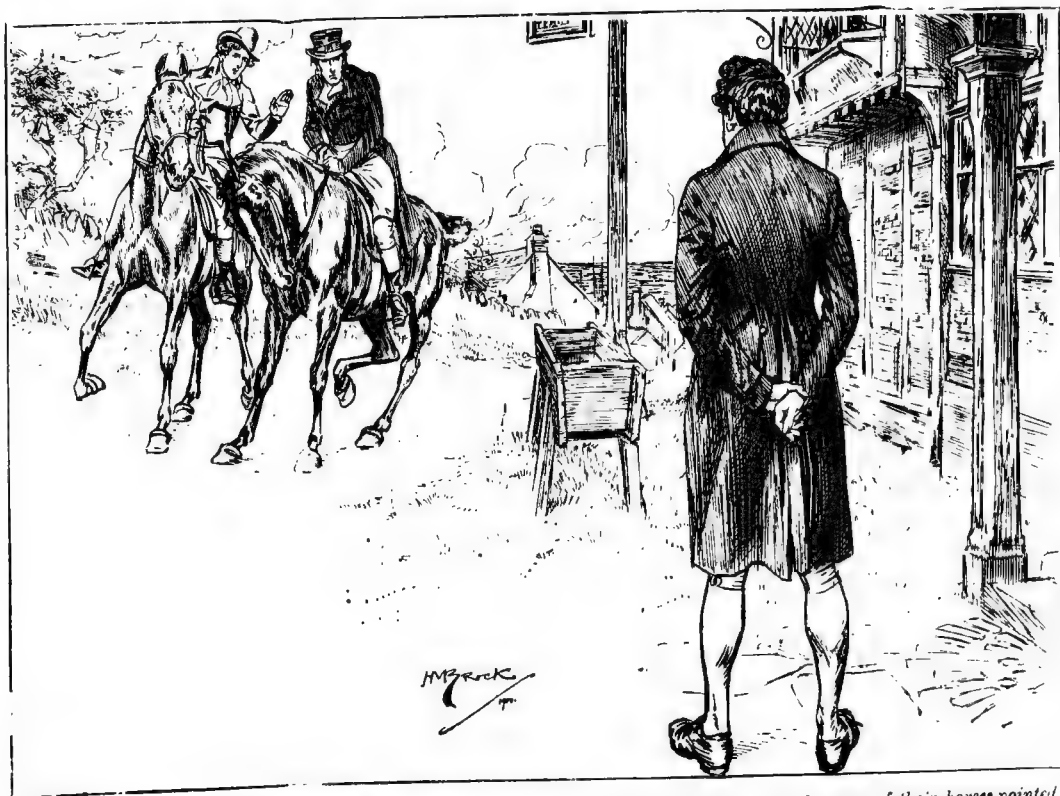
The words suddenly started the Frenchman into life. He threw down the cigar he was smoking with an oath, and himself disappeared along the ledge by which Carmichael had returned. In a short time there was a hubbub among the smugglers, all work ceased, and they began to explore the recesses of the cave, lighting fresh torches, and scattering in the search. The peril was now imminent over Warburton, but he kept his place quietly. One thing the new illumination of the cavern showed him. This place was a mammoth burrow—a warren of holes which distributed from the central cavity. Several of the smugglers applied their torches to the entrances of these passages and peered into them, but Nicholas Carmichael shouted to them presently.

"Cease, you fools," he said. "He cannot have reached the beach, since he followed the schooner, and we were all here

beach, and two evil-looking fellows stood abreast of him, one of whom was pointing a pistol, while the other held a long knife. A few strokes brought him to the shore, and he sprang out like a dripping sea-god. The pistol flashed and missed, and ere the two men knew what he purposed, or could move to avoid it, he had crashed the two gully foreign heads together, and had rushed on, leaving two insensible bodies on the ground.

He ran for the back of the cavern, where he had seen the openings, and after him sped half that lawless crew. The first hole he reached was less than the height of a man, but, when he had entered, the room increased, and he ran forward in total darkness over a rough, rocky way, and, as it seemed to him, downwards. There were several turnings in his course; he went at random as in a maze, and heard roaring through the alleys the sound of his own feet and those of his pursuers. Presently, above this dull sound of echoes, he was aware of something different that saluted his ears; for even in that headlong flight his cool wits had not deserted him. It struck on his senses with a menace, and he came to an abrupt pause. He knew it for the washing of the rollers against rocks. At the same time a cold wind smote his face; he put out his arm, and the spray of the sea besprinkled him.

As he recognised this new danger, and it came to him that he stood somewhere in a lip of the cliffs, with the ocean growling and leaping from below, he caught the noise of feet approaching cautiously. There was silence next, and Warburton huddled close into the rock, straining his ears to listen. After a short space of time he heard a laugh, a flint flashed, and the light of a torch was flung out upon the waters.



"Immediately upon that Nicholas Carmichael and his brother dashed round the bend, with the noses of their horses pointed for the comb. Warburton stood, drawn straight and tall, and strong, in the very centre of the scene"

"Gone over, by God," said Nicholas Carmichael; and as the words left his lips he saw his enemy.

A smile played about his mouth, which was passionate and cruel, and he raised his pistol. Warburton held his already in his hand, but he knew that the priming was damp from his immersion. He flung the weapon hard at Carmichael's face, but he, dodging his head with an angry laugh, brought his pistol to the sight, pointing at Warburton's heart.

"I pay a double debt, Mr. Warburton," he said, and put his finger on the trigger.

At that moment there was a short cry, and out of the interior darkness of the passage stepped Miss Carmichael.

"You shall not, Nick," she cried angrily. "You are blood-guilty. I will not have you so stain yourself."

"Get you gone, Chloris," said Nicholas savagely. "Interfere not."

Dropping the torch she held she sprang at his arm. "Nay, I will be obeyed. I command obedience," she cried fiercely. "Do you think you have some poor serving-maid to reckon with? Put that down, you madman."

Nicholas uttered an oath. "Silly jade!" he cried. "Hands off! I will have my way on this spy."

"You shall do naught," she said, and seized his wrist in both her hands.

Her brother shook himself, to wrench his arm free, so that she swung and swayed like a tiger-lily in the breeze, backwards and forwards towards the verge of the hungry sea. Nicholas Carmichael's flambeau rocked wildly in the struggle. Warburton suddenly stepped forward, and setting his strong grasp upon Carmichael pulled him backward so that he lay at his full length upon the ground. Gently he detached the girl from her fast and angry grip.

"Let him be, madam," said he. "I am sufficiently in your debt."

He bound together securely the hands of the writhing man, and, picking up the torch which had fallen, dispassionately surveyed his prostrate enemy.

"Mr. Carmichael, I grudge not your attempt upon my life. It is not the first time I have been 'twixt the devil and the deep sea. Madam, I thank you. You have saved me. We are quits."

"Quits!" she echoed, looking on him with astonishment, her bosom rising and falling with her heavy breath.

"Aye," says he, "that is how I regard it."

"I measure things in no such broker's way," she burst out. "Yet you were better gone. There is a passage hence through to where your boat lies. Hasten, or there will be others upon you."

Nicholas Carmichael lay glaring alternately upon his sister and Warburton. His passion appeared too great to find vent, yet he spoke then in a hoarse voice.

"You shall repent this, Chloris. Know you not that this man is a spy? He is come to betray us."

"'Tis not true," she answered hotly. "This gentleman saved my life on the shoot to-day. He is here by an accident."

"He is Warburton, by God!" cried Nicholas, rolling impotently in his bonds.

"What!" she called out, struck aghast by dismay. "Are you he that was in the inn? You are our enemy?"

"I am claimed so by Mr. Carmichael," says Warburton with a sneer.

He turned with a bow to pass into the opening which Miss Carmichael had indicated to his sharp eyes, but she sprang towards him, a new expression shining in her face, which was alive now with an unreasoning passion.

"No, stay; you shall not go. You are a spy upon our doings," she cried. "That, then, is why you were upon the island this afternoon. 'Tis that brings you here now. 'Tis treachery you harbour in your heart. Oh, I am too soft. Nick, stop him. He shall not go forth and betray you."

In her passion and excitement she advanced towards Warburton, whom this quick outbreak had amazed, but, shrugging his shoulders, he stepped into the passage without answer, and descended quickly towards the mouth of the cavern. When he was gone the girl ran to her brother, and slashed with a knife at the knots that bound him at his wrists and ankles.

"After him, Nick," she cried. "He shall not escape you. I will not have your neck in the rope for him."

Nicholas Carmichael needed no instigation; he flung himself into the opening and flew down the passage. When he reached the great cavern he flung a stream of light from his torch across the water, and there, at scarce twelve yards' distance, was Warburton clumsily poling out his boat. Nicholas shouted, and the cavern rang with hollow sounds. The alarm brought some from the interior to his side, and seizing from one a brace of pistols, he began to pepper the retreating cutter. A splutter of fire broke out also from the smugglers who had joined him.

"He must not escape, damn him," cried Nicholas. "Put out your long-boat, Ditrán. The devil may be split on the Skittles, yet we must not take a risk. He holds all our lives and liberties."

As he spoke the cutter turned a point in the rocks and disappeared from view. Nicholas started about to carry out his own orders and found Chloris by his side, panting, disordered, her gaze fixed wildly upon the vacant space of tumbling water from which Warburton had vanished.

CHAPTER V.

WARBURTON RECEIVES A WARNING

THE dawn was changing the face of Heaven, and a dim light crawled over the waters, revealing the huge rocks which formed the entrance to the cavern. Warburton brought the cutter through these gates, and she began to bob among the ragged points of the Skittles. There was a moment of anxiety as he was spreading sail, for she fell off and on helplessly among those sunken hazards. But presently she got her wind and started away. The light was now clear enough for him to see the outline of the island. The tide ran under him, and he was past the point in a very brief time, making for the open sea. But, short as was the interval, he could spy in looking back the shadow of a second boat riding among the Skittles. He was being pursued, and he knew that every moment the light

would spread, and the chances of his escape would diminish. Warburton was well aware that his capture depended upon the speed of the boats, and more than all upon seamanship. The long-boat stood out after him, and it was plain that he was seen. He could perceive now that the distance between them had lessened, and he could count the three black figures in the stern. It took him very few minutes to decide that he must be caught if he continued in this course. Nothing could save him. He would have to fight upon a crazy boat, fight without weapons and against three armed men. Instantly he put about the cutter, and, veering swiftly, she turned her nose to the coast once more. If he must fight he would fight on land rather than upon that rough, unfriendly element that had so betrayed him.

The tide and the wind were making round the southern coast line of Lynsea, and, as in the afternoon, the cutter flew sharply along. The long-boat also changed her course, and darted after her quarry, but Warburton kept his hands firmly on the tiller, and his gaze stedfastly ahead, peering into the brightening sea. There was no more than one hundred yards between the boats, and this was slowly decreasing. The tide grew under the cutter, and she spurted as if aware of the danger. He was now opposite the cove in which the Carmichaels' house lay, and he could see the dark trees faintly visible in the mirk. Yet he dared not run in there; the island was too hostile; that would be to venture in a den of wild beasts. The plan that he had conceived was more daring, and yet more prudent, as it seemed; he had resolved to run for the mainland by the eastern channel.

This intention soon became clear to his pursuers, and they made new exertions in order to come up with him. But though they were constantly drawing closer, the gap filled so gradually as to make it evident that Warburton would get round into the channel first. And presently the cutter began to leap; the water drew faster; with all the strength of those secret currents she was galloping for the Gut. Warburton could not have turned back now if he had desired to do so. He could but pilot his craft. She swung into the Gut with a seething noise, as of an angry meeting of two foes. The waves splashed aboard, drenching him. He was buffeted about. Suddenly the whole of that water seemed peopled and alive. Its body was torn by different currents and variable flaws, so that it was broken and ran all ways. The cutter knew not on which course to lie, but tossed like a shell and took the seas at each jump. She rolled and thumped, and the tiller kicked itself from Warburton's hand. In a flash the boat plunged broadside on to that raging water; and to Warburton's eyes she was but preparing for a last great dive into the depths, when as unexpectedly a gust struck her and she righted, dripping from every inch of canvas. He scrambled for the tiller, seized it, and endeavoured to set her towards the shore. But there was no order in her movements, and the rudder had no authority over her. She sprawled like a drunkard, reeling and falling, and picking herself up; and then flew about on a new course only to carry out the same tactics there. The devil was in her. She thrashed towards the shores of Lynsea, but as Warburton made up his mind to run her aground there at any hazard, away went her sprit, and, nosing the spray, she spurted for the mainland in a flurry. The seas caught her, shook and racked her; she shuddered in their fierce embraces; and down from the pinnacles of the island swooped a gust of storm and blew her upon her side. There she lay whining and groaning between the buffets of wind and sea. A log might not live in such water. She staggered forward on a new tack, half full of green water, and to those that watched her from the long-boat she stood in the eye of the rising sun. Half a dozen deep lurches seemed to threaten her fate. Those in the long-boat by the point outside the Gut saw a tall figure risen in the stern of the cutter and reaching towards the sail. She took the bit in her teeth, and leaped a dozen paces under the wind; then she came down with a smack upon the bubbling surface, rolled like a dolphin, and disappeared from the vision in the hollow of the waves. The pursuers in the long-boat waited breathlessly. They knew better than to adventure the Gut. When the cutter reappeared she was floating, her keel to the growing lights of the sky; she tossed weakly—she had given up the unequal conflict.

"By God," says Nicholas Carmichael, "the Gut has him. We are saved the trouble;" and without any further words he put the long-boat round again.

When the cutter rolled over and under, Warburton, who had seen that the struggle was become hopeless, flung himself as far towards the shore as he might. He struck the crest of a rising wave and was carried forward on its advance. For a time he was beaten about in the maelstrom, merely keeping himself afloat and in no wise resisting the flow of the sea. This conduct undoubtedly proved his salvation, for he was accidentally taken in the tow of a current and went spinning for the shore; whereas if he had struggled for himself he would have failed to meet with this chance. Indeed, so rapidly was he driven from the scene of his shipwreck, that five minutes had not elapsed ere he was flung savagely upon the sands, even as though the elements were weary of him, and kicked him aside with one last vicious blow. He put out his arms, clutching at the sand to resist the plucking of the backward wash; and when it passed he crawled out of the reach of the water.

Here he sat for some time, motionless, but slowly regaining wind in his body; and then he rose and began to go along the shore. He saw at a glance where he was; for this was the beach of a little empty valley of marsh and stream, separated from Marlock by the great dunes. Towards these dunes, which stood black against the rising sun, he now made his way. Yet he had got no further than a dozen strides when he suffered a queer sensation in his balance. He knew not if he were falling, or if so, in which direction. The beach moved up to meet him, rocking faintly. He passed his hand across his eyes, wondering how he had become suddenly giddy. Then he looked down. The flat sands stretched before him to the dunes, reddish-grey, moist and vacant. Swiftly he fell forward upon his stomach, wrenching with all the force of his strong muscles to draw his feet free. He was upon the edge of a quicksand.

This discovery was made in the nick of time; another step would have carried him into the running slimes of the bog, in which he would have been engulfed instantly. As he lay there he could see the liquid mass quiver and shift, as though its evil mouth watered at the prospect of a victim. Slowly his legs came loose and drew out with a sucking sound; the quicksand groaned

after its escaping prey like a mandrake that shrieks in the grass. He had sunk into that horrible jelly in his struggles, but, lying so, it might not gape wide enough to swallow him. He crept back into safety, and did not rise to his feet until he felt the sand beneath him hard and dry. Then he surveyed his position. A little stream dribbled down to the sea close by, and he resolved to move upwards by this and strike across the hills when he reached the firm land.

There were four miles of wandering ere he reached Marlock. He had had nothing to eat or drink for fifteen hours; he was wet and sore; his muscles ached in arms and legs. He went slowly, picking his way on the seaward side lest he should lose his way among the hollows. The morning sun was high in the east and burned brightly; it struck on the bastions of Lynsea. The Gut roared in the foreground of the picture. Ere this scene vanished finally behind an elbow of the hills, Warburton stood and regarded it thoughtfully. He was thinking of the Carmichaels in his patient and obstinate mind.

It was not until late in the afternoon that he awoke in his room in the "Three Feathers." The sun was striking through the diamond panes that looked towards the sea; and by these tiny windows he saw two horsemen riding from the village. He recognised them even at that distance, and, hastily finishing his toilet, he descended and came out into the open space before the inn. Immediately upon that Nicholas Carmichael and his brother dashed round the bend, with the noses of their horses pointed for the combe. Warburton stood, drawn straight and tall, and strong, in the very centre of the scene, and of a sudden the elder Carmichael started and his horse swerved. He looked upon Warburton, glaring and amazed, and reined in. Apparently he would have swung from his saddle, but his brother laid a hand on his arm, pleading with him. Warburton watched the altercation, and presently the elder seemed to assent reluctantly. He shook his reins, and the two cantered past the inn, Warburton still watching them impassively till they vanished in the wood about the combe.

Warburton guessed that he had been accounted dead, and that his reappearance had been the cause of Nicholas Carmichael's fury. It was clear too that this black marauder had been dissuaded from a public and personal assault, but how long would Warburton be free and secure? He did not inquire. Yet it was with no surprise that an hour later he heard the innkeeper knocking on his door with the news that Mr. Philip Carmichael desired to see him.

The younger Carmichael greeted him in a friendly fashion. He was dressed very fastidiously, and wore a spruce air as of a young buck among the ladies.

"This is a devilish awkward business, Mr. Warburton," said he—"devilish awkward. You have made a mess of it—a devil of a mess."

"Why," said Warburton, "I had supposed that I came off very well, seeing the odds against me. I assume 'tis to my attempted assassination that you refer, sir."

"Dammé, you use rough words, Mr. Warburton," replied Philip. "You play the spy and must look for the spy's fate. You should have spirit enough to stand the risks, sir, like a brave man. Gad, I run my risks without whining."

"I have not whined, sir, to my knowledge," returned Warburton. "I was merely endeavouring to discover the reason why I am honoured by this visit. One of your name, of course, is always welcome; still—perhaps you would explain."

"Hang your wit," said Philip bluntly. "We know where we lie, both of us, sir. I can tell you, Mr. Warburton, that you are in a dangerous position. You walk upon a plank, sir."

"'Tis to threaten me you are come, then?" inquired Warburton, raising his eyebrows.

Philip laughed. "I see no need to quarrel over terms," he said, shrugging his shoulders gracefully. "The fact is that you know too much, Mr. Warburton, and there are those who will not endure that. You are dangerous."

"It appears, sir, that we are both dangerous," said Warburton.

Philip eyed him. "Is it your intention to be so?" he asked presently.

Warburton gave him back his survey with even more equanimity. "And if it was so?" he asked in his turn.

Philip Carmichael stared at him. "Do you not know that such a confession would seal your ruin, sir?" he said. "You have seen the country here, and guess how it is carried on, and where its interest lies. I think you can form a guess, too, at what you hazard. This is not London, Mr. Warburton, and the King's writ is very lightly regarded here. You could have us hang. Yes, but ere that could happen, damme, where would you lie? You have to deal with men who do not hesitate, sir, who live by steel and fire and shrink not from these. But, faith, I threaten nothing. I but point out where these wicked fellows may break forth. I am here on another errand, which is to enlist your sympathy."

"In what object, Mr. Carmichael?" inquired Warburton civilly.

"Why, sir, you have seen too much, and we would have you forget. I would ask your word, sir, between gentlemen, that you will go home and keep your tongue. What you have witnessed and suppose shall be considered no affair of yours."

"You ask me to promise oblivion, but 'tis my fortune to have a good memory," says Warburton.

"Zounds! let your memory act how it will. 'Tis your voice I would control," said Carmichael amiably. "You have taken offence, no doubt, at your pursuit; yet others have taken offence at you. I know not how you came to be wandering among the Skittles."

"Poor storm-tossed mariners must go somewhere," said Warburton politely. "Whither better than to the hospitable shores of Lynsea."

Philip Carmichael paid no heed to this ironical answer. "I am asking you as a favour, Mr. Warburton," he said. "Will you not pledge me your honour to be silent? You are no spy of the law."

"I doubt," said Warburton slowly, "if you know exactly what I am."

"No, I'm damned if I do," said Philip frankly; "but I know what you will be if you are not wise and take a piece of friendly advice."

"Why, you threaten and cajole me in different breaths," said Warburton, smiling.

"I want you out of this," said Philip shortly, and turning looked towards the sea in an unusual silence.



THE BOER LAAGER AFTER IT HAD BEEN EVACUATED



ONE OF THE GUN PITS



THE BOER POSITION WHICH THE NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS AND ROYAL IRISH RIFLES TRIED TO STORM

A force under General Gatacre went by train from Putterskral to Molteno and marched thence to the position occupied by the Boers at Stormberg. In his report, General Gatacre said he was misled as to the position by guides, and found impracticable ground. The enemy occupied an unscalable hill, which the 2nd Battalion of the Northumberland Fusiliers tried to take, but failed. The 2nd Battalion Royal Irish Rifles seized a kopje near by and held on, supported by Mounted Infantry and Cape Police. In the meantime, one



THE DONGA WHERE THE ROYAL IRISH RIFLES WERE CAPTURED

gun overturned in a deep nullah and another sunk in quicksand. A retreat was ordered, the enemy's position being unassailable, and their numbers being overwhelming. A large number of our men were taken prisoners—our losses being 24 killed, 71 wounded (including 10 officers), and 19 officers and some 600 men captured. Our photographs are by Lieutenant R. H. Keller, who was among the first to reach the place some three months later, and show the various positions after the Boers had evacuated them.

THE SCENE OF THE BRITISH REVERSE AT STORMBERG

"Sir," said Warburton, after a pause, "I am indebted for your frankness and your courtesy. You have addressed me with plain arguments, which I will not pretend to answer. I am a simple man, and I confess that I am not aware why this interest should be taken in me. I had thought to move about in Marlock like any stranger, but it seems I am sought out and good advice is pressed upon me. I am indebted to your family, sir. But this air suits me, and I like the liquor of this inn. I doubt not it comes from a good cellar."

Philip Carmichael turned sharply about, a frown upon his handsome face.

"I will tell you this, sir," said he angrily, "that since you find the place so promising you are like to stay here."

"Nothing would serve me better, sir," said Warburton imperturbably. "I will stay while I will."

Philip Carmichael examined his companion carefully and with some wonder.

"Do you think, Mr. Warburton, that you are quite aware of your position?" he asked at length. "You fancy you can give information and avenge your treatment of yesterday. You conceive that you have the bridle on us. Well, you are wrong, damnably wrong. You can do nothing. I advised you for your good, and you reply only with sneers. Curse me if I waste my temper on you. I am done with you. But you are a marked man. Your life is not your own, but belongs to others who will reap it when they choose. And in that harvest, by God, sir, you shall lament this most obstinate madness."

"I wish you a good afternoon, Mr. Carmichael," said Warburton as the young man thrust on his hat, and, swinging his whip impatiently, strode towards the door.

(To be continued)

The Return of the Prince of Wales

RIGHT hearty was the welcome awaiting the Prince of Wales when he came home from Denmark to express the popular joy at his providential escape from assassination. In fact, his whole journey brought him warm demonstrations of affection, and no one was more eager to congratulate the Prince than the German Emperor, who unexpectedly appeared at Altona to meet his uncle. The Prince had a very cordial "send off" from the Danes, the Princess of Wales, the King of Denmark, and all the Royal family travelling with him as far as Roskilde, where they broke the journey to visit Queen Louise's tomb in the Cathedral. On reaching Altona the Prince found Prince Henry of Prussia, who had come over from Kiel, and, a little later, Emperor William suddenly arrived so unexpectedly on the scene that no one knew he was there until His Majesty abruptly gave the word of command to the guard of honour. The British Ambassador accompanied the Emperor, who spent nearly an hour with the Prince—a meeting which is much commented on as significant of the friendliness between the two Governments. The Prince of Wales passed Brussels by special train, only stopping at the suburban station of Schaerbeek, and special precautions being taken for his safety. On reaching Calais the Prince found crowds waiting to see him board the special steamer *Calaix*, which left amidst loud cheers, and had a splendid passage. Dover gave the Prince a most enthusiastic greeting with a guard of honour and a congratulatory address, some 1,200 troops being on the pier and eager crowds on every side. The climax of the welcome, however, was reserved for London, where a closely-packed mass of cheering enthusiasts lined the whole way from Charing Cross to Marlborough Houses and shouted themselves hoarse as the Prince drove by. The

Duke of York met his father at the station, while King Oscar of Sweden had come up specially from Northampton. Since his return the Prince has had plenty to do in town, besides spending Saturday to Monday with the Duke and Duchess of York at Sandringham to see his new grandchild. He has presided at a meeting of the Millais Memorial Committee, has spent two days at Epsom races, and to-day (Saturday) will be present at the unveiling of the Huxley Memorial Statue at the Natural History Museum. The Princess leaves Denmark for home at the end of the week. She has been with King Christian to Bernstorff Castle, and to the headquarters of the Anglo-Danish Club. Princess Victoria also returns to town from Cumberland on ending her visit to Sir Richard and Lady Musgrove at Edenhall. She accompanied her host and hostess to the point-to-point races of the Cumberland Foxhounds.

The Duke and Duchess of York's little son will be christened as soon as the Queen and the Princess of Wales return home. Patrick will certainly be one of his names, and Emperor William of Germany will stand sponsor. The Duke goes to Yarmouth this week to open the Seamen's Church and Institute.

There will be grand doings at Berlin next week for the Crown Prince's coming of age. The Duke of York represents the Queen and the Prince of Wales, and most of the Royal sponsors intend to be present.

Countess Lonyay—formerly Crown Princess Stéphanie of Austria—is bespeaking the Pope's mediation with her father, the King of the Belgians, who flatly refuses to countenance her marriage. The Countess is in Rome on her honeymoon trip, and is to have a special audience of His Holiness.



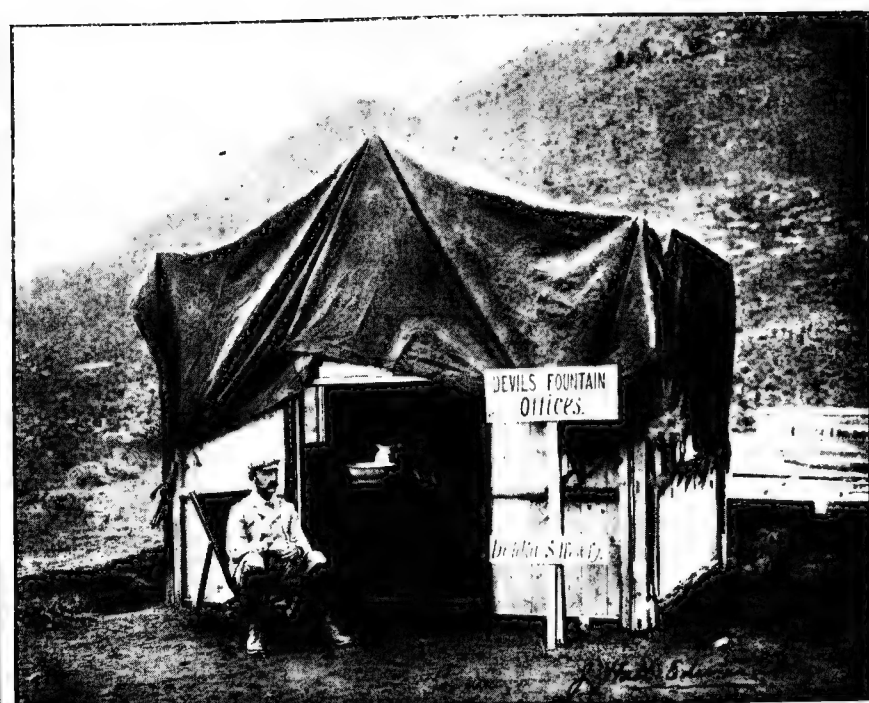
ONE OF THE HUTS HOLDING TWENTY BEDS



THE OFFICERS' CAMP



OFFICERS INSPECTING SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS AND DRESSING



The Devil's Fountain is the title of the camp paper which is edited by Mr. Newland Pedley

THE DENTAL SURGERY

THE CAMP OF THE IMPERIAL YEOMANRY HOSPITAL AT DEILFONTEIN

From Photographs by J. Hall Edwards

The Imperial Yeomanry Hospital

FROM A MEDICAL CORRESPONDENT

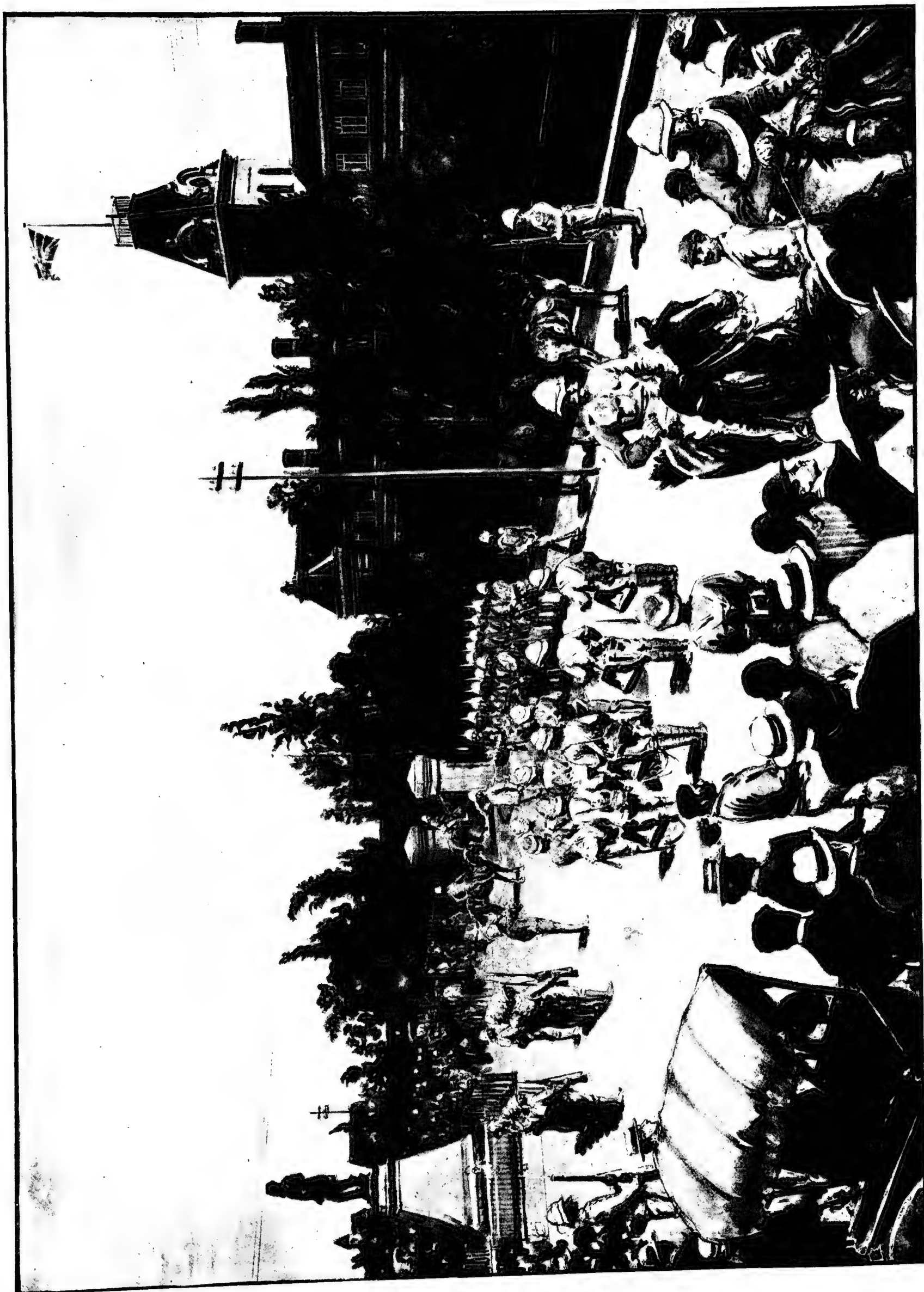
NEVER, in the history of warfare, has so completely equipped a hospital as that which now finds its home on the veldt at Deilfontein been sent out to administer to the wants of the wounded. When it was decided to send out a force of Imperial Yeomanry to South Africa several ladies, whose good works have rendered their names household words, banded themselves together with the intention of raising money, by voluntary subscription, for the purpose of providing a special hospital for the Yeomanry. Among these we may specially mention the names of Lady Georgina Curzon and Lady Chesham. The committee of the Imperial Yeomanry Hospital decided to raise money for and to send out a base hospital of 620 beds, and an appeal was made to the public to find the wherewithal to carry out their suggestion. So liberal was the response, that within a few weeks it was plainly seen that no difficulty would be placed in their way. At this juncture, Mr. Alfred D. Fripp, M.V.O., surgeon-in-ordinary to the Prince of Wales, and one of the best known of the staff of Guy's Hospital, was offered the position of Senior Civil Surgeon. This post he accepted, and at once set to work to organise his staff. Lieutenant-Colonel Sloggett, R.A.M.C., was appointed Principal Medical Officer, and, as any hospital sent out must be under military control, upon his shoulders falls the bulk of the work of organising and providing for the numerous wants of the small town which during the last few weeks has sprung into existence. The staff chosen for the hospital is an exceptionally strong one, and includes, amongst others, Dr. Washbourn (Guy's Hospital), senior medical officer, Mr. Raymond Johnson, F.R.C.S. (University College Hospital), and several other well-known surgeons and physicians. In addition to these the staff includes three specialists—Mr. Cargill, F.R.C.S., ophthalmic surgeon, Mr. J. Hall-Edwards, F.R.C.P., F.R.P.S. (General Hospital, Birmingham), surgeon-radiographer and photographer, and Mr. Newland Pedley, F.R.C.S., senior surgeon to the Dental School at Guy's Hospital. In addition to those already mentioned, the staff includes ten trained medical students, who act as clinical clerks and dressers, together with forty nursing sisters, ten ward maids, and 100 orderlies. Colonel Sloggett, Mr. and Mrs. Fripp and the orderlies came to South Africa in the *Norman*, the medical staff in the *Majestic*, and the nursing staff in the *Guelph*. The medical staff, thirty in number, and the orderlies reached Deilfontein on Monday, March 5, and immediately set to work to put their house in order. Large supplies of stores and building materials were

already on the ground, eight Tortoise tents, and one small brick building comprised the whole of the complete structures. Before nightfall some twenty more tents had been pitched and one permanent wood and iron building completed. This was used as a store for such perishable material as had already arrived. Deilfontein has no station proper; it consists of a siding and pumping station and tank for supplying water to the engines. It is situated 29 miles south of De Aar, and is 4,460 feet above the sea-level. The camp ground is situated upon the veldt and is sheltered from the north winds by two large kopjes of from 500 to 600 feet in height. Between these and the railway line the principal part of the hospital is rapidly being erected, the officers' and orderlies' camp being on the south side of the line. At the present time (March 24) accommodation is ready for nearly 300 patients, and 150 are already in the hospital. The whole of the staff, medical officers included, have worked with an amount of energy which would have gladdened the hearts of those at home, who may be inclined to think that a medical man is never in his element unless he is clothed in the regulation frock coat and top hat. Already a large town has sprung up, with its own water supply, which has been carried by pipes to all quarters of the camp. A special siding and platform have been made, so that the patients can be landed almost at the doors of the wards. Nothing that skill, perseverance, and previous knowledge can suggest, to add to the comfort of the patients, is left undone, and in a few weeks' time the Imperial Yeomanry Hospital will compare favourably with the best-favoured institution in England. Our first batch of patients arrived on March 18, most of them had been injured at Paardeberg on February 18. We have already several Yeomen in camp, and are ready to receive others.

The Cricket Outlook

PROSPECTS of an attempt by an English eleven to bring back the "ashes" from Australia this year vanished almost before the end of last season. The Lion and the Kangaroo, instead of struggling on the wickets of Melbourne and Sydney, are now playing a combined team on the fields of the Orange Free State. Another struggle which the war has postponed is that which would have been furnished by the visit of a South African eleven to this country. That also will have to wait another year. Meanwhile there is good material for a fine English eleven among the Army and Reserve forces now awaiting the advance to Pretoria, which it is to be hoped they will reach before the cricket season is over. With Mr. F. S. Jackson (captain), Major Poore, Mr. Frank

Mitchell, Mr. W. L. Foster, and Mr. A. J. Turner, the eleven would have an array of batting talent which could be depended upon for a respectable score, even if the game had to be played on a matting wicket. Their combined batting averages in first-class cricket last year reached the respectable total of 243, and Mr. Jackson and Mr. Mitchell can bowl. Whether they have an opportunity of playing in South Africa or not, their absence will be felt a good deal on the cricket fields at home. Yorkshire, of course, is the chief sufferer, and Yorkshire has also lost poor Lieutenant Milligan, wounded in the last skirmish at Ramathlabana; but Hampshire, Worcestershire, and Essex have each lent their most trustworthy batsmen. Other absences in first-class cricket there will be few; the chief of them is that of Mr. K. J. Key, the pluckiest bat and the most imperturbable captain of his day. Surrey, through her Committee has done a great deal of chopping and changing during the last few years, but there is no loss that will be more felt than that of this fine cricketer. His place will be taken by Mr. D. L. A. Jephson, an old Cambridge blue, who, after several failures in first-class cricket, began two years ago to make for himself an assured position. He is the best choice that could be made, and it may be hoped that he will be given a freer hand than the Surrey captains of recent years. Mr. W. G. Grace will again be absent from Gloucestershire; and Mr. Troup, who filled the thankless office of captain last year, is succeeded by Mr. Jessop. This great hitter made a good captain at Cambridge; and if he can only keep from over-bowling himself should do something to brighten the rather clouded prospects of Gloucestershire. These comprise all the absences. To be set against them are the reappearances of nearly all the old favourites. One of them—the first of them alphabetically, Abel—has already proved that he can still make scores at the Oval. Mr. McLaren is to play throughout the season, instead of in the later part of it alone, as captain of Lancashire, the great Fry is to reappear for Sussex, and the greater Ranjitsinhji, Shrewsbury, Brockwell, Mold, Martin, and Mead are all to have benefits. The last-named three are bowlers, which reminds the critic that there is no great fast bowler yet appearing above the horizon, and that this is the year, a season of quiet and retrenchment, when, if at all, he must be discovered. We are not to have either an African or an Australian eleven to visit us this year, but the colonies will not be altogether unrepresented, for a team of West Indians is coming over. They played some good matches against a strong visiting English eleven last season, and their bowling is better than their batting. It would be interesting if the West Indians supplied us with a good bowler to supplement the services of the Australian Trott, at present the best fast bowler we have.



DRAWN BY H. M. E. G. T. FROM THE ROOF OF THE BUILDING IS THAT MADE BY LADY ROBERT; and taken out by Lord Roberts, to South Africa. It was hoisted on the entry of our troops into Bloemfontein by Lord Herbert Scott

THE OCCUPATION OF BLOEMFONTEIN: MOUNTING GUARD AT THE PRESIDENCY

St. James's Palace or at the War Office. The officers of the Guards at Bloemfontein wear no swords or belts, and they salute with a walk and stick at the "shoulder" in the left hand. The flag flying from the roof of the building is that made by Lady Robert; and taken out by Lord Roberts, to South Africa. It was hoisted on the entry of our troops into Bloemfontein by Lord Herbert Scott

Chronicle of the War

By CHARLES LOWE

Variety Entertainments

ON the whole, perhaps, the past week has been the quietest we have had since the war commenced—now well on to seven months ago—and that at Bloemfontein there was not much to engage the attention of the war correspondents before Generals Rundle and Pole-Carew set out on their expedition for the relief of Wepener was proved by the fact that they had leisure enough to organise a grand variety concert in aid of the Widows and Orphans' Fund—an entertainment which realised no less than 400/., and no wonder. For "the hall was crammed, and hundreds were unable to obtain admission. Seats were at a premium, and as much as a sovereign was paid for a ticket. The cream of the Army was present, as well as a crowd of Tommies, who filled the gallery." While thus our soldiers at Bloemfontein were indulging in the joys of the lyric muse, the Boers at Pretoria were equally devoting themselves to the pleasures of the imagination by concocting and circulating stories as to the blowing up of the bridge at Bethulie—which is still serving as a solid structure for the passage of our heavily laden trains across the Orange River—the capture of prominent British officers, the killing of large numbers of our troops, and the reduction of Mafeking. For there is still every reason to believe that Baden-Powell is alive and well—though we have heard nothing from him for over a week, and that his provisions will carry him on to the beginning



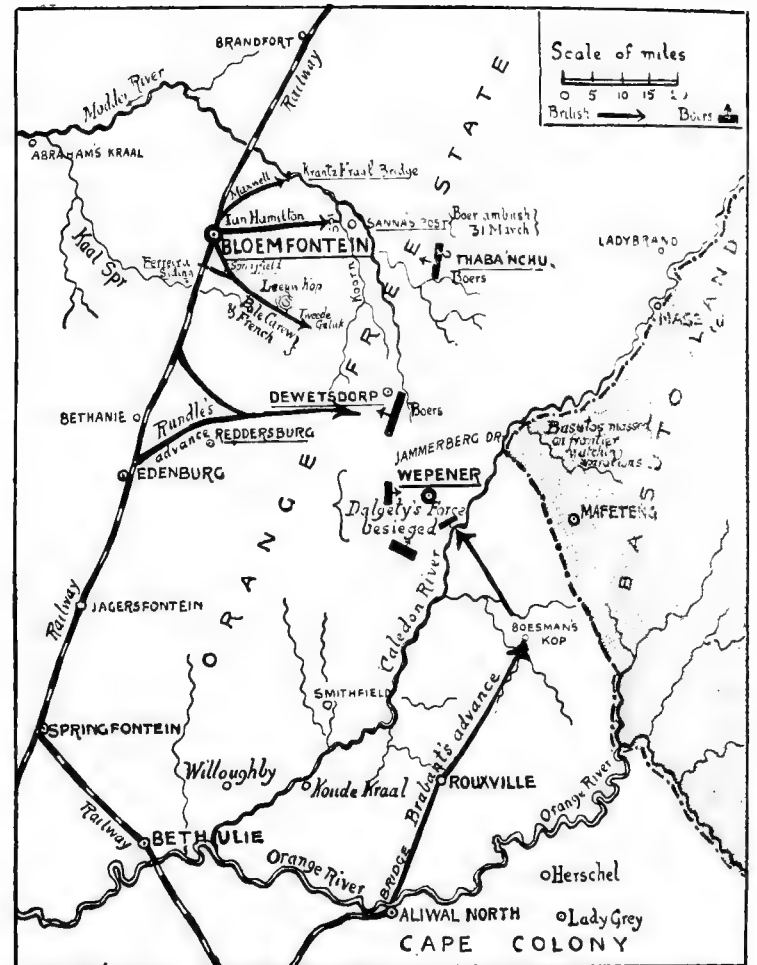
COLONEL DALGETY

Who has made such a gallant defence at Wepener

Baden-Powell need no longer strain his eyes towards the south for relief. Lord Methuen has retired on Boshof; the Boers still hold the passage of the Vaal at Warrenton; and there is, moreover, no reason to think that Lord Roberts has detached a force to slip round by Bechuana-land and move northward to Mafeking by a line west of the railway. It is from the north, if from anywhere, that a relieving force must come to Mafeking, and Colonel Plumer's Rhodesian troopers have repeatedly proved insufficiently strong to brush aside the investing Burgers of Snyman and Cronje the younger. We know that Sir Frederick Carrington, with a considerable force of Australian Bushmen and other troopers, has passed by rail through Portuguese territory from Beira to Salisbury; and it may fairly be assumed that one of the objects of this new force, apart from preventing a trek of the Boers, when defeated, into Rhodesia, is to join hands with that of Colonel Plumer and thus carry irresistible relief to Baden-Powell's gallant garrison. But much water will have to flow under the bridges before this junction of Carrington and Plumer can be effected. For even when the column of the former is properly organised and ready to start it has a very long march of 200 miles from Salisbury to Bulawayo where it can again take to the rail; in fact the distance between those two places is as great as from Kimberley to Mafeking, and three weeks or a month at least must elapse before Carrington can hope to co-operate with Plumer. On the other hand, it is possible that Mafeking may be freed from the presence of its besiegers by agencies other than those referred to. For just as it was Lord Roberts who, by his capture of Cronje, was the real reliever of Ladysmith, so it is probable that his advance on Brandfort and Kroonstad may have the same automatic effect with regard to Mafeking. If Botha and his Boers are compelled, as they are sure to be compelled, by flanking or other operations, to fall back on the Vaal, it will be necessary for Botha to call in all his outlying commandoes, including those of Snyman, in order to help him in his final effort to prevent the war from being transferred to the soil of the Transvaal.

Fighting and Finance

What strength Louis Botha will be able to oppose to the 60,000 men of Lord Roberts is by no means clear, for the military figures of the Boers are again returned to the dissolving view stage. According to the Lourenço Marques correspondent of the *Times*, information from responsible sources shows that at one time the Republics had as many as 105,000 men in the field, including colonial rebels, and they still muster 80,000 men, of whom 50,000 are in the Free State, 10,000 at Biggarsberg, and about 15,000 in the Fourteen Streams and Klerksdorp district. It is now believed, says the same authority, that before the war the burgher lists were deliberately falsified to deceive the British Intelligence Department. On the other hand, a Portuguese paper at Lourenço Marques, deriving its information from a Johannesburg, estimates the present total of the Boer forces in the field at only 30,000, while other refugees place the figures as high as 100,000. *In medio tutissimus ibis*. But after all there is a reciprocity in figures as in other things; and the Portuguese journal in question might really have obliged the Boers by estimating their fighting strength on a more liberal scale as a return compliment for the



The five different movements of the combined operations against the Boers around Wepener on the south-east of Bloemfontein are laid down on the above map. These may be briefly summarised as follows:

1. Brabant's Mounted Colonials, supported by Hart's Brigade, advance from the south upon Boesman's Kop and thence to Wepener.
2. Rundle, with the 3rd and 8th Divisions and a Mounted Brigade, advances upon the Boer position at Dewetsdorp.
3. Pole-Carew, with the 11th Division (the Guards and the 18th Brigade), advances from Ferreira and Springfield (both south of and close to Bloemfontein) upon Leeuw Kop and Tweede Geluk.
4. Ian Hamilton, with the Mounted Division and the 9th Division in support, advances to occupy Sanna's Post (Waterworks), the scene of the ambush of March 31.
5. Maxwell's Brigade (belonging to the 7th Division) advances to and commands the Krantz Kraal Bridge over the Modder River, north-east of Bloemfontein.

The Boer position thus threatened by these five columns extends from Wepener to Thabanchu, a distance of more than forty miles, and the only line of escape for the Boers, unless they decide to stand and fight it out, is to the north-east between Ladybrand and Thabanchu. Meanwhile the Basutos are massed along their border from near Wepener to Maseru, watching the operations and safeguarding their territory from violation by the enemy.

SKETCH MAP SHOWING LORD ROBERTS'S OPERATIONS TO THE SOUTH-EAST OF BLOEMFONTEIN

generous, if perhaps not altogether disinterested, offer of the Transvaal Government to lend the Lusitanians the wherewithal—an honest million—to meet the Beira award of the Berne arbitration. In view of the fact that the Boers could only get such a sum of money out of the gold mines belonging to British capitalists, this little deal of theirs would have presented itself in the light of one of the finest instances on record of the practice of robbing Peter to pay Paul. After all, robbery of this kind is worse than the rebellion, for the crime of which some three dozen of the Queen's Dutch subjects, arrested at Sunnyside, have been sentenced at Cape Town to terms of imprisonment varying from six months to five years.

Lord Methuen Scores

It is deterrent sentences of this exemplary kind that will tend to secure Lord Roberts's communications better than all the militia and other battalions which he has had to sprinkle along the long



MAJOR W. BABBIE, C.M.G.
Who has been awarded the V.C.

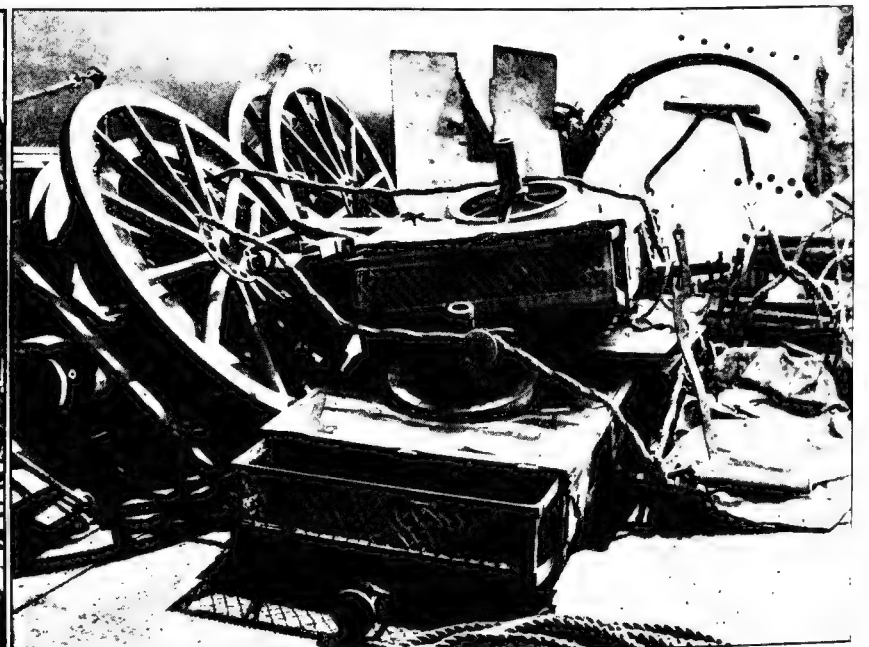
of June. It is only a pity that he has not with him a commissariat officer like Colonel Ward—"the best supply officer since Moses," according to Sir George White—who did such wonders of thrift and widow's cruse work for the garrison of Ladysmith, for then "B.-P." would be enabled to hold out several weeks longer.

Mafeking's Prospects

But one thing seems to be pretty certain now—namely, that



A BATTERED 12-POUNDER



THE REMAINS OF THREE MAXIMS

Some of the guns of the *Powerful* show unmistakable signs of the rough work done by the Naval Brigade at Ladysmith. In the left hand illustration is shown a 12-pounder, khaki-coloured, so badly knocked about as to be now condemned as useless. In the right hand illustration are three Maxim field guns with

their carriages wrecked. Above one of the guns is a shield damaged by shell fire. Our photographs are by Stephen Cribb, Southsea



THE LATE LIEUT. E. M. YOUNG
Died of wounds received at Karee Siding



THE LATE CAPTAIN DIMSDALE
Died from wounds received at Reddersburg



THE LATE LIEUT. D. BUCHANAN
Killed near the Modder River



THE LATE LIEUT. A. C. WILLIAMS
Killed at Boshof



THE LATE SECOND LIEUT. C. R. BARCLAY
Killed near Reddersburg

lines of railway in his rear to the great diminution of his fighting force. The Boers themselves have a perfect passion for this kind of warfare, which is well suited to their extreme mobility. Lord Methuen the other day had a taste of their tactics in this respect when a considerable body of them with a couple of guns and a "Pom-Pom" essayed to cut out one of his convoys which he was leading back from Zwartkopfontein to Boshof, the scene of his victory over the foreign legion riff-raff of Villebois-Mareuil. In a letter written to a former member of the Horse which he once raised and commanded in South Africa, Lord Methuen said:—"We are having a hard fight, which is far better than killing masses of black people with nothing but courage to aid them." And the defence of his convoy near Zwartkopfontein proved the truth of this, when some of his Imperial Yeomanry were killed and wounded. Here is the testimony of one correspondent (Mr. Hands) to the value of those volunteers from the farms and vales of our shires:—"Keen, eager, full of energy, and enthusiastic, they are also most resourceful and ingenious in adapting their knowledge of country life to the conditions found on the veldt; and they are always ready to learn and quick to perceive the advantages of local knowledge. . . . I was always impressed, under every condition, good or bad weather, hard or easy terms, by the admirable spirit shown by the Yeomanry, especially by their adaptability to the conditions of African life. Their care of their horses was a beautiful sight, and their keenness was beyond praise. The Yeomanry need only a few weeks' active experience to make them splendid troops, intelligent and resourceful, with all the Volunteers' enthusiasm."

A Great Movement

Some of the same class of men have also been doing excellent work with the columns which Lord Roberts (who has now been joined by his wife and daughters) sent from Bloemfontein on the double mission of relieving Wepener and "Sedanning" its besiegers. It was a great relief to us all to hear that the Field-Marshal, after six long weeks of inactivity at the Free State capital, has at last begun to make a move of some kind—inactivity which has been imposed upon him by the necessity of accumulating his supplies, securing his communications, remounting his cavalry, and providing his troops with warmer clothing for the South African winter, which will now be soon upon them. Torrential rains were latterly added to the causes which condemned him to inaction, as far as movement was concerned, but those rains which rendered marching next to impossible have now had the countervailing advantage of solving the water problem for his troops, who will now find natural reservoirs in almost every hollow on their advance to Brandfort and the Boer "Plevna," which is said to be defended by no fewer than seventy guns. But before beginning this advance it was necessary for Lord Roberts to clear his right flank from the large bodies of Boers who, with equal daring and stupidity, had returned to the south-eastern portion of the Free State, and this

clearing movement he planned on a very large and elaborate scale, which is likely to have results commensurate with its extent. In fact, if the net in which the Commander-in-Chief has been gradually enmeshing the Boers of Olivier and De Wet can be properly drawn, they ought all to be in St. Helena within three weeks. This large surrounding movement began with the northward advance from Rouxville of Brabant's Colonial Division, supported by Hart's Irish Brigade, for the relief of Wepener, while, at the same time, General Rundle, with the 3rd and 8th Divisions, started for the same objective from Reddersburg, the scene of one of our "unfortunate occurrences." Those two columns should total about 14,000 men. The next move was when Lord Roberts detached Pole-Carew, with the 11th Division, and General French, with a large force of cavalry (two brigades and one corps of mounted infantry) to work down the Dewetsdorp road, where, by a clever disposition of their forces, they were quick to capture Leeuw Kop, a dominating height in those parts. But better than all the mounted infantry of Ian Hamilton re-occupied the waterworks at Sannas Post which had been in possession of the enemy ever since the catastrophe of Koorn Spruit. The Highland Brigade—now again brought up to its full strength by drafts from home—with Smith-Dorrien's Brigade, forming together the 9th Division, were sent to support Hamilton as the Boers were in considerable force among the hills of that region. Maxwell's Brigade seized the ground commanding the wagon bridge over the Modder at Krantz Kraal, and thus blocked one of the main avenues of retreat for the Boers. In all these operations—carried out by about 40,000 men and 150 guns—the casualties were comparatively few. It boded well for the success of those operations that they were under the control of a man like French, who is senior in rank to the other generals with him. No less happy in his combinations than French was Brabant, who manipulated his Colonial Division in a masterly manner, outmanœuvring the Boers at Bushman's Kop, and turning their flank to the south of Wepener.

Mr. Langman, whose hospital for the front was recently illustrated in this journal, has received the following telegram from Lord Roberts:—"I inspected your hospital here and congratulate you heartily on the efficient state in which I found it. Its value to our R.A.M.C. and wounded cannot be over-estimated.—ROBERTS."

Major William Babbie, C.M.G., Royal Army Medical Corps, the latest recipient of the Victoria Cross, has won the coveted distinction for his conspicuous bravery at the battle of Colenso. The act of courage for which he was recommended was described in the *Gazette* as follows: At Colenso, on December 15, 1899, the wounded of the 14th and 66th Batteries Royal Field Artillery were lying in an advanced donga close in the rear of the guns without any medical officer to attend to them, and when a message was sent back asking for assistance, Major W. Babbie,

R.A.M.C., rode up under a heavy rifle fire, his pony being hit three times. When he arrived at the donga, where the wounded were lying in sheltered corners, he attended to them all, going from place to place exposed to the heavy rifle fire which greeted anyone who showed himself. Later on in the day, Major Babbie went out with Captain Congreve to bring in Lieutenant Roberts, who was lying wounded on the veldt. This also was under a heavy fire. Our portrait is by Wyrall, Aldershot.

VICTIMS OF THE WAR

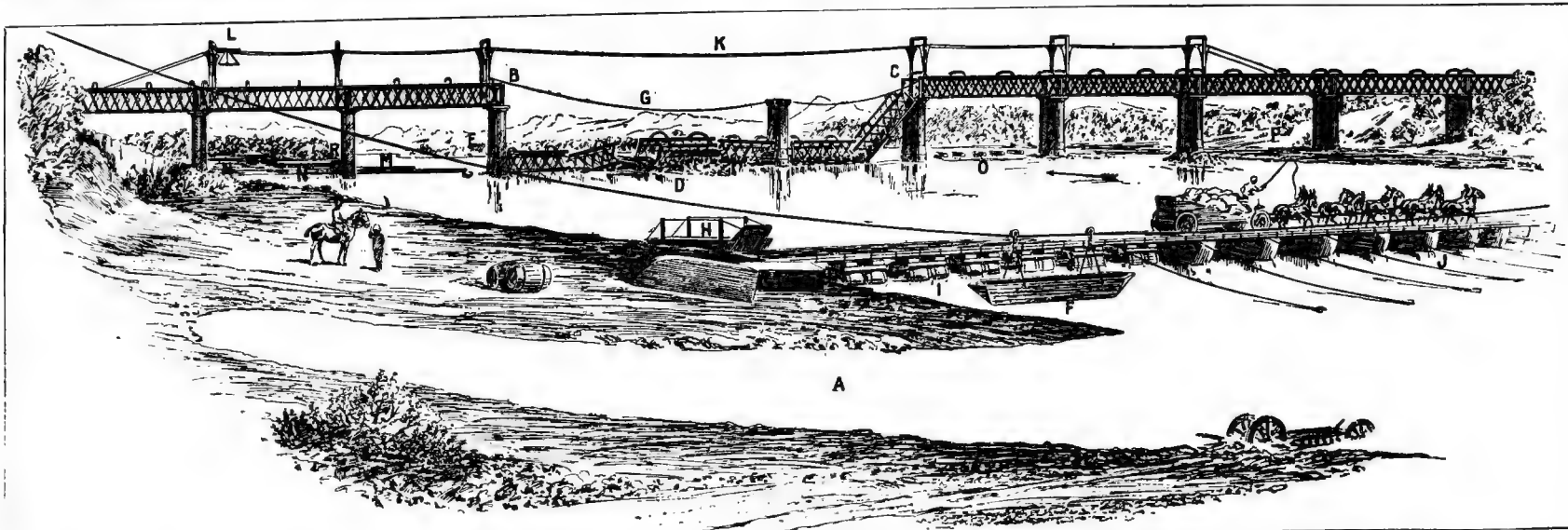
CAPTAIN WILFRID PHILIP DIMSDALE, of the 2nd Battalion the Royal Irish Rifles, died of wounds received at Reddersburg. He served in the campaign on the North-West Frontier of India under Sir William Lockhart in 1897-98 as Extra Orderly Officer to the General Commanding the 1st Division of the Tirah Expeditionary Force. Captain Dimsdale joined his regiment in 1889, and obtained his captaincy in 1898. Our portrait is by T. Hammes, Poona.

Lieutenant E. M. Young, of the King's Own Scottish Borderers, was dangerously wounded in the action at Karee Siding during Lord Roberts's advance on Bloemfontein, and has since died of his wounds. Our portrait is by H. Yeo, Plymouth.

Lieutenant Daniel Buchanan, of Kitchener's Light Horse, reported killed in action while scouting near the Modder River on February 10 (the day after he received his commission), was the second son of Mr. James Buchanan, late of Briar's Hill, Campden, Gloucestershire, and Sackville, Tralee, Ireland, and was born in 1863. When war broke out, Lieutenant Buchanan, who was unmarried, was a mining engineer at Aguas Calientes, Mexico. He was a man of splendid physique, and noted as a daring rider and expert shot.

Lieutenant A. C. Williams, of the Lincoln Yeomanry, was killed during the action fought by Lord Methuen at Boshof, in the Orange Free State—another victim, it is said, of the abuse of the white flag. Our portrait is by G. West and Co., Southsea.

Second Lieutenant Charles Roger Barclay, who was in Lord Salisbury's Militia Corps (4th Bedfordshire Regiment), at Hertford, up to November, and joined the Northumberland Fusiliers at East London at the end of January, was killed at Reddersburg, in the Orange Free State. Our portrait is by Elsdon, Hertford.



Norval's Pont, on the Orange River, where General Clements crossed into the Free State, is on the main line of railway from Port Elizabeth to Bloemfontein, and is therefore an important point in Lord Roberts's line of communications to the south. The following will explain the various methods adopted for crossing the river:—A. Channel formed by the backwater in which the old punt, which gave its name to the site, used to be during heavy floods. B.C. Three spans of the railway bridge cut by the Boers. D. Pier destroyed from its base. E. Ground on which General Clement's covering party (ferried over in twenty-four pontoons) effected its lodgment on March 15. The pontoon bridge thrown over the river the same day is out of sight

round the bend R, about five miles down the river from the railway bridge. F. Flying bridge first established. G. Aerial line first established. H. Second flying bridge intended for 5-inch guns. I.J. A short pontoon bridge. K. Second aerial bridge. L. Traveller for second aerial bridge. M. Low-level line on the concrete piers of the old bridge. N.N. Banks being brought up for the low-level line. O. Piers of old stones for the low-level line. P. Formation level being made by Railway Pioneers, who are also undertaking the aerial line L. K. Our illustration is from a sketch by Major F. Molony, R.E.

HOW A RIVER IS CROSSED IN SOUTH AFRICA: INTERESTING ENGINEERING OPERATIONS AT NORVAL'S PONT

The Swedish Sovereign's Visit

MOST European monarchs pay England a flying visit some time or other during their reign, but it is rare to find them settling down among us for some months like the King and Queen of Sweden.



KING OSCAR II.

However, King Oscar and Queen Sophia are no strangers on English soil, and the Queen, having found how well the much-abused English climate agreed with her before, has come again for health's sake. At her last visit, some years back, Her Majesty stayed a long time at Bournemouth, when her second son, Prince Oscar, laid down his Royal dignities to marry his mother's maid of honour, Miss Ebba

Munck. Now the King and Queen have taken Grove House, Roehampton, which is sufficiently near town to be convenient for the King, whilst affording the Queen quiet and country air.

Prince Eugen, the artist son, and the youngest of the Royal family, is with his mother, as his health is also delicate. The Queen and Prince arrived first from Paris, where Prince Eugen has a studio and spends much of his time, King Oscar following a few days later. Their Majesties are travelling in strict incognito as Count and Countess von Haga, but many of the Swedish and Norwegian colony in London gathered at Victoria to greet King Oscar. In his turn the King was amongst the first at the station to welcome the Prince of Wales when he came home the other day and to congratulate him on his recent escape. His Majesty will also go to Windsor next week to see the Queen, but as he has not come to England in State most of the King's time will be spent in quiet social visiting and the inspection of various Scandinavian charities in London. His love of the sea—King Oscar was a sailor in his youth—drew him first to the Scandinavian Sailors' Temperance Home, West India Docks, where he delighted his sailor subjects by sitting down at the head of the luncheon-table and sharing their fare of roast beef and rice porridge. King Oscar, indeed, is far from a formal State-loving monarch. He likes to be the "father" as well as the "King" of his people, and in no country is it easier for the humblest subject to have audience of the



QUEEN SOPHIA

Sovereign. King Oscar's tall form—he is 6 feet 2 inches—may be seen any day in the streets of his capital, and his wonderful command of languages enables him to talk with any of the various races under his sway. With all his homely ways the King of Sweden is a thoroughly learned and intelligent man. His historical knowledge is especially keen, he is devoted to science and exploration—Dr. Nansen can tell of his help in that direction—while music and poetry are his favourite recreations. When a young sailor the King won a prize at the Swedish Academy for some naval ballads sent anonymously, and his love for music has much raised the standard of church singing throughout Norway and Sweden. As a ruler and politician, King Oscar has had sore difficulties to meet in the dual control of the Sister Kingdoms, but his seventeen years' reign has thoroughly earned for him the love and respect of his subjects. King Oscar is just seventy-one, but he does not look his years, and his stalwart presence, fine head and keen blue eyes show him a worthy descendant of the handsome Bernadottes. Queen Sophia—a Nassau Princess—has been in weak health for the most of her sixty-four years of life, and has long been unable to take her part in Court life. Unfortunately, the Crown Princess—daughter of the Grand Duke of Baden—is equally delicate, so there was great rejoicing in Stockholm when Prince Carl, the third son, brought home a wife in Princess Ingeborg of Denmark, niece to the Princess of Wales, and a Princess was at last available to do the honours at Court. The King and Queen have no daughter, but four sons, and oddly enough there is no girl in the Crown Princely family, which counts three sons.

The Rising in Ashanti

WE reproduce this week a photograph of the fort at Kumasi, the capital of Ashanti, in which the Governor of the Colony, Sir Frederick Hodgson, and Lady Hodgson are reported to be invested. No further news of an alarming nature having come to hand we have grounds for hoping that the situation is not so serious as was at first feared. We certainly do not particularly wish for a serious disturbance in Ashanti just now, nor can the War Office want to be troubled with a costly expedition to Ashanti, although such an expedition would be a mere nothing in comparison with the enormous operations further south, and probably an Ashanti Campaign could be prevented with less trouble to ourselves now than in more peaceful times when transports are not so readily available. It is certain that the time chosen for the disturbance which has already taken place is an unfavourable one for this country, as the wet season is close at hand. The rivers will soon be flooded and the roads impassable, besides which the country is now being opened up to civilisation by the construction of the railway from Sekondi to Kumasi, which will once and for all put a stop to all apprehension with regard to Ashanti, as troops will, upon the completion of the railway, be able to reach Kumasi in sixteen days from London or even less, that is, in about a third of the time possible under existing conditions. The fort which forms the subject of the picture is strongly built, and able to withstand any direct assault likely to be brought against it. It was constructed in 1897 after the last bloodless Ashanti Campaign. It is composed largely of bricks, which were made on the spot, and timber cut in the neighbourhood, but a considerable quantity of cement and other materials had to be carried up from the coast. The cost of the building can be gauged from the fact that it costs twelve shillings and sixpence to carry a 60lb. load from the coast to Kumasi, or about twenty-three pounds a ton.

The Cowper Centenary

LAST Wednesday, April 25, was the centenary of the death of the poet Cowper, and the little town of Olney made every preparation to fully commemorate the event. There was to be a luncheon at the Bull Hotel at half-past twelve, and at half-past one o'clock the children of Olney, wearing buff and green favours (Cowper's colours), were to assemble in front of Cowper's home, now presented to the town, to sing the poet's universally known hymn, 'God moves in a mysterious way,' after which every child taking part in the proceedings received a copy of the biography of Cowper, also a medal bearing a portrait of the poet. The subsequent proceedings were to include the formal opening of the Cowper Museum, and a public meeting, to be presided over by Mr. W. W. Carlisle, M.P. The work of the committee who organised the com-



Born 1731

WILLIAM COWPER
From an Old Print

Died 1806

memoration has been comparatively easy, owing to the generosity of Mr. W. H. Collingridge, who, besides presenting to the town Cowper's house, to be used as a Cowper and Newton Museum, has added thereto the gift of his splendid collection of Cowper relics and other objects of Cowperian interest. Attractive, however, as are the contents of Cowper's house, the house itself is of greater interest. Of his garden Cowper always spoke in raptures. From the house a gravel walk of sixty yards extended to the summer-house, "a tiny building, not much bigger than an arm chair," as the poet himself describes it. The greenhouse, in which "John Gilpin" was written, has disappeared. Weston Underwood, to which Cowper removed from Olney in 1785, is beautifully situated beyond the spinnies and avenues which his poems and letters have made so famous, and although Weston Hall, the home of the Throgmortons, has disappeared, Weston Lodge, for ten years Cowper's residence, still stands, and the lines written by him on the shutter of his bedroom may be read.



THE FORT AT KUMASI WHERE SIR F. HODGSON, THE GOVERNOR OF ASHANTI, AND LADY HODGSON HAVE BEEN BESIEGED

The Late Lord Londesborough

LORD LONDESBOROUGH, who has just died of pneumonia following influenza, was born in 1834. He was a large landowner, owning some 52,000 acres, mostly in the north of England. He was popular among his tenantry, and his death has caused great regret in Scarborough.



THE LATE LORD LONDESBOROUGH

Lord Londesborough spent a portion of almost every season at his Scarborough residence, where he has entertained the Prince of Wales and other members of the Royal Family. He was a familiar figure at coaching meets, and nearly all kinds of sport found a patron in him. He had much to do with making the annual Scarborough Cricket Festival a success, and was a great patron of the drama, being well known as a regular first-nighter. Lord Londesborough, who married a daughter of the seventh Duke of Beaufort, succeeded his father, the first Baron Londesborough, in 1860. Before this he had sat in the House of Commons, as a Liberal, for Beverley from 1857 to 1859, and for Scarborough for another short period. He was created an earl at the Jubilee in 1887. Our portrait is by John Edwards, Hyde Park Corner.

MUSICAL NOTES

MRS. ALICIA NEEDHAM was paid the compliment on Saturday of a whole-programme recital of her songs in the Galleries of the Royal Society of British Artists, a performance given by invitation of the President, Sir Wyke Bayliss, and the Council. The patriotic "Festival" on Saturday, at the Albert Hall, proved a miscellaneous concert with a not very interesting programme, so that the audience was comparatively few. The greatest success was won by Miss Clara Butt. On Tuesday the foreign orchestral players temporarily resident in London announced a concert in aid of the War Funds, and about half a dozen concerts of minor importance have also taken place.

Madame Pauline Lucca is now suffering from the effects of an accident which has, for a week or two past, given serious concern. In the streets of Vienna, on Good Friday, she slipped upon a piece of orange peel, and, it is said, sustained internal injuries.

"By Order of the Queen," Miss Isabel Sullivan's patriotic version of "The Wearin' of the Green," was published by permission of the authoress in our issue of the 14th inst. A special setting of the old melody has been arranged by Mrs. Alicia Needham which admirably suits the words, and will, no doubt, help largely to increase the knowledge of the already popular verses. It is published by Novello and Co.

The Paris Exhibition

By OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT

OVER seven hundred and sixty-one thousand visitors in the first week. Such is the balance sheet of the Paris Exhibition of 1900 for the seven days succeeding the opening. Of these fully half were called by business to the grounds, so that the members of the public who paid their way may be put at from three hundred and fifty to four hundred thousand.

This is, doubtless, satisfactory to M. Picard and to the Government, for if, after the inauguration, the public interest in the great show had begun to drop, it would have been a matter of the greatest difficulty to revive it. And yet, from a purely monetary point of view, M. Picard need not care if not a single visitor ever came. The financial success of the World's Fair of 1900 was assured before the doors were opened, and, after April 14, not a farthing of revenue will be derived from the Exhibition.

The resources of the Exhibition are of three kinds—the subsidy from the Government and the City of Paris, the revenue derived from letting space to exhibitors and others, and the sale of admission tickets. But the latter were attached to the 3,600,000 lottery bonds issued in 1894 (twenty to each bond), and all at once subscribed. The 72,000,000 admission tickets were, therefore, sold six years ago, and are now in the hands of the public. No money is taken at the doors, so that all further revenue has ceased. Financially the Exhibition was therefore a success before the doors were opened.

This, of course, would not suffice, as it is not the direct income of an Exhibition that spells success or failure, but the millions of money that pour into the French capital by the influx of foreign visitors. The thousands of people who have invested money in view of this invasion expect a fair return. If this hope should not be realised the result would be a *krach* in Paris similar to that which followed the failure of the Vienna Exhibition in 1875.

It is therefore with some anxiety that the authorities have awaited the verdict of the million people who have traversed the turnstiles since April 14. If each of them should return home discontented the rising tide of visitors would at once begin to ebb. I have, therefore, on my various visits to the Exhibition regarded the attitude of the crowd with a certain amount of interest. It was almost entirely a Parisian crowd, as, with the exception of a few thousand English who came over at Easter, the foreign element is as yet conspicuous by its absence.

The verdict, however, was a fairly favourable one. It is true that nothing is ready, that *défense d'entrer* and closed doors meet the eye on every hand, but the outward shell of the Exhibition is so beautiful and so vast that the visitors had more to see than they could even inspect in a single day.

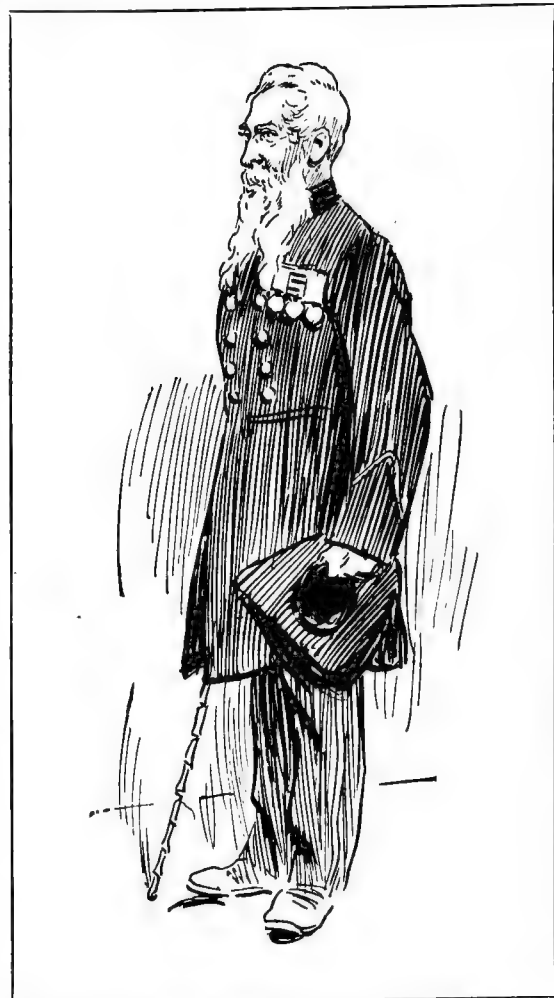
That every one who has seen it is delighted with the Exhibition is beyond all doubt. And this is only just. A more beautiful and magnificent group of buildings men never brought together.

On the Esplanade des Invalides nothing but admiration is expressed. The Grand and the Petit Palais de Beaux Arts, monumental buildings in solid stone, which will survive the Exhibition, are triumphs of French architecture.

But what particularly excites the admiration of visitors is the Rue des Nations, on the left bank of the Seine. The palm in this marvellous *via triumphalis* is undoubtedly borne off by Italy. The United States Pavilion is also a very handsome building, but it is dwarfed by that of Turkey, which stands alongside. This, even, at a certain moment, gives rise to a somewhat acrid dispute between the representatives of the two countries. The English Pavilion, a reproduction of the Hall, Bradford-on-Avon, is not a very imposing edifice. In an old English park with trees and grassy lawns all

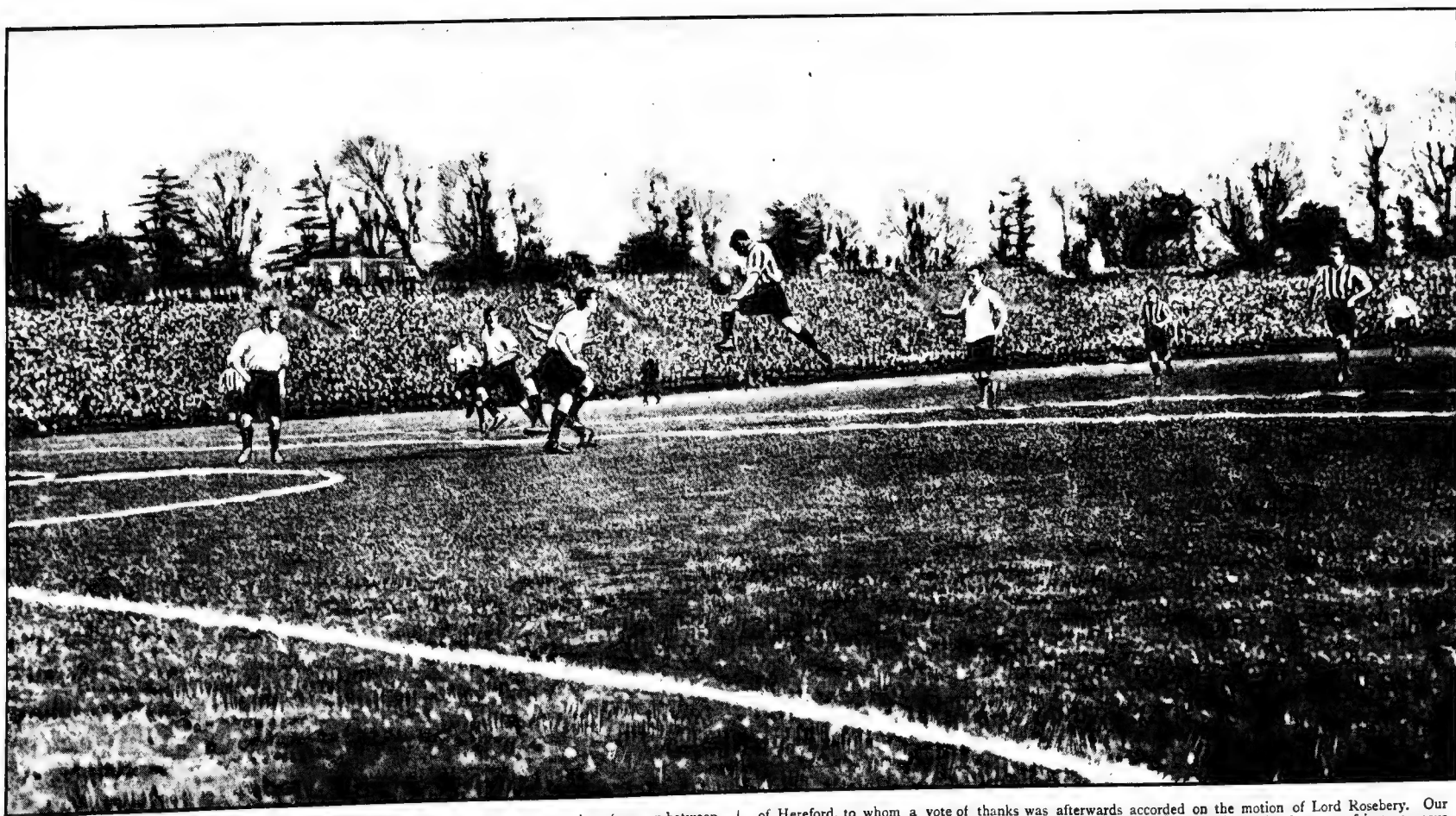
round it, it would doubtless be a beautiful building, but alongside the more florid and more imposing pavilions which surround it, it fails to make any great impression. The German Pavilion, a reproduction of a famous house in Nuremberg, is also very handsome, but will look better when wind and weather have somewhat toned down the exuberant freshness of the paint and gilding.

In the second row, behind the Great Powers, come the pavilions of lesser States. These, though less vast, are, in many instances, very striking. Those of Norway, Serbia, Greece and Bosnia are perhaps the finest. The latter has the honour of being the first national pavilion to be ready.



On Saturday afternoon the Queen drove over from the Viceregal Lodge to the Royal Hospital at Kilmainham, the official residence of the Duke of Connaught, Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in Ireland. Kilmainham is also the Irish "Chelsea," and there are several old pensioners there. As the Queen drove up to the entrance Hugh Magorian, the oldest of these pensioners, his breast covered with medals and his white beard giving him quite a patriarchal look, saluted and handed the Queen a bouquet of white flowers. Her Majesty graciously thanked the old soldier, who then stepped proudly back. The Queen was greatly interested in her visit.

HUGH MAGORIAN, THE IRISH VETERAN AT KILMAINHAM, WHO PRESENTED A BOUQUET TO THE QUEEN



The final tie for the Association Cup took place at the Crystal Palace on Saturday afternoon between Bury and Southampton, before an enormous crowd of spectators, and was won easily by the Northerners by four goals to none. After the close of the match the cup was presented to the victorious team by Lord James

of Hereford, to whom a vote of thanks was afterwards accorded on the motion of Lord Rosebery. Our illustration, which is from a photograph by J. Russell and Sons, is a curiosity in the way of instantaneous photography.

A SNAPSHOT IN THE FOOTBALL FIELD: THE FINAL TIE FOR THE ASSOCIATION CUP AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE

"Place aux Dames"

By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

THE Easter holidays were characterised by the strangest samples of climate, unusual even in our capricious climate. Storms of wind wrecked boats, broke down trees, and hurled a cyclist across the road violently against a shop-window, injuring him severely. The lightning struck a poor girl standing on the sands at Ramsgate and enveloped her in a flame of fire, while the rain damped the ardour of the trippers, and spoilt their best clothes. Nevertheless, they managed to amuse themselves in the ordinary fashion, each Jack with his Jill, and the family parties, with baby, bags and bundles, and the inevitable brown paper parcel of refreshments.

The dress of the maidens was curious and wonderful, for fashion prevails in the lower ranks of life as it does in the upper, and a girl would rather die than walk out with her young man in any attire that is not sanctioned by custom and sealed with the imprint of class etiquette. Sailor hats this year have assumed extraordinary popularity; they are usually trimmed withered-white-and-blue ribbons fringed and hanging down at the ends. The swain follows suit with the tricolour ribbon in his buttonhole, for we are nothing if not national. Brilliant colour is always smart. One young lady wore a gown of mazarine blue, a pink cotton petticoat, a violet blue hat, and tied her hair up with turquoise blue. She was much admired. Another wore a complete suit of khaki, made in masculine fashion, with tie and stand-up collar, and sported a jaunty hat cocked up one side, with a bunch of tricolour ribbon. She looked remarkably well. The boys and girls gave vent to their exuberant spirits by shouts, laughter, and whistling, and constantly would imitate the cries of a dog being run over, and other sounds of animals. Good humour everywhere prevailed.

Servants' ways are beginning to be past finding out. A family I know were compelled to stay at home for Easter, because their servants insisted on having a holiday, and declared they would leave if it was refused, and so the master and mistress gave up their outing and kept house instead. Another lady discovered that her housemaid had got herself photographed in her best ball-gown, while another donned her mistress's new bicycle suit and sallied forth on her machine. The laws of *meum* and *tuum* seem unknown to the domestic servant, who argues that "what is yours is mine, and what is mine is my own." Under these circumstances, the servants meeting in Hyde Park to discuss their grievances seemed somewhat unnecessary. Only one class of servant is to be pitied, and that is the slavey in the lodging-house or the drudge of the small tradesman. It is these middle-class women who starve, ill-use, and overwork their little slaves, while their servants alone bear hardships in silence and patience and suffer uncomplainingly.

A contemporary kindly informs us how a society woman may dress on a limited purse of 500*l.* a year. I fear that, except in the case of millionaires and very *grandes dames*, that is rather a higher average than the ordinary, and indeed it is difficult to see how a man who has a few thousands a year to spend can afford to give his wife 500*l.* a year to dress on. The hints are excellent, beginning with the first, "Never run into debt!" The majority of smart women do run into debt, and indeed it is difficult to see, given the extravagance in clothes that prevails, how they are to do otherwise. There is generally an amiable father or husband who comes to the rescue when matters grow serious, and meanwhile the society butterfly has a good time and trusts to luck. The rage for spending usually lasts only a few years, and may be compared to the wild oats sown by young men. By degrees a woman learns to do without things, and to suit her expenses to her purse.

It is not always the most extravagant woman who dresses best. Three hundred a year for gowns, as our mentor has it, goes a long way, and the really prudent and tasteful woman limits her wardrobe to one colour. Thus one year she chooses blue, the next green, and so on through all the gamut of colours. She may ring the changes on the various tints that harmonise together, and thus be always well and rather uncommonly garbed. To avoid dowdiness, pay particular attention to trifles, boots, hats, veils, gloves, in which a dainty freshness bespeaks the woman of taste. This care is expensive, but well worth while, as a less expensive gown with perfect accessories passes muster easily. Some women wear simple gowns with an air of elegance entirely lost in the magnificence of another woman's dress. In fact to wear dress well requires genius. The art is born with a woman, and not the wildest extravagance, or the most skilful dressmaker, can confer it on the person who, unfortunately for herself, fails to possess the knack. Thus it is that being overdressed accentuates the vulgarity of an ill-dressed female.

Chevril, or horse soup, has been pronounced excellent and nourishing by all those that have tasted it. Will horseflesh, now that the horse seems likely to be superseded as a draught animal by the motor-car, take its place in the rank of wholesome food? No animal is cleaner in its feeding than the horse, and the prejudice against its flesh seems somewhat unreasonable. Excellent jelly, potted meat, sausages, and essences can be made from it, and the cost to the poor would be considerably less than beef.

Edward Fitzgerald

EDWARD FITZGERALD has so long lived in the shadow of his translation of Omar and of his friends that one very gladly welcomes Mr. John Glyde's attempt to do justice to his memory. It is true that some years since Mr. Aldis Wright's edition of Fitzgerald's letters brought their author out into the daylight, but it is not a little remarkable that a man with the reputation of Fitzgerald should yet be as unknown in regard to the simple facts of his life as "Old Fitz." One of his greatest friends has said that a life like that of Edward Fitzgerald has no story; but a story it has, and one of the greatest interest. How else would it be with a man at once so singular, unaffected and charming, with a man who, though he spent nearly all his life in one little Suffolk town, hating London and all its works, yet belonged essentially and intimately to a little coterie which included the three Tennysons, Thackeray, Carlyle and one or two others, and who gave to the world, partly translating partly drawing on his own resources, one of the most exquisite poems extant? In these pages the man lives very vividly. We see him living his curious bachelor life, we see the untidy house littered with books, the doves which Tennyson pictured in verse; we understand something of the temperament of the man who practised vegetarianism, upheld by the notion that abstinence from a flesh diet would give the soul a strong command over the body, who, with all his whimsicality, was unboundedly generous, living always with a comet's tail of pensioners. Endowed with a fund of quiet humour, hating notoriety, he preferred the companionship of rough sailors and fishermen to that of educated people. By the yokels with whom he hobnobbed he was dubbed "dotty," much though they appreciated his large-heartedness, for he helped them through crises, not once,

but many times, and his charities were many, though his name never figured in subscription lists. Society more than he found at Woodbridge he never required, except for a few old intimate friends. He was never a man to make new friends as time went on. Old books and old friends were the best to him. He had a fondness for yachting which was almost a passion, and indulged it until failing sight prevented his reading on board. He was notoriously casual about money matters, being in the habit of withdrawing some sixty or seventy pounds from the bank at a time for general expenses, and keeping the notes for security between the leaves of books, as his housekeeper explained after his death, when some thirty or forty pounds in notes were found in old volumes. He had an interesting library, but saw no store by first editions. One of his eccentric habits was to pull leaves out of books, these being such pages as he deemed mere padding, but his books were his constant and dearest friends, and few people can have known their libraries more intimately than Edward Fitzgerald. It is hardly necessary, perhaps, to tell again the story of the publication of his translation of Omar. That is the one episode in his life with which most are familiar, though one does not remember hearing before that the author took nearly two hundred copies of the first edition to the late Mr. Quaritch, saying, "Quaritch, I make you a present of these books," when the book proved a lamentable failure. At half-a-crown, a shilling, then sixpence, Mr. Quaritch tried to sell them without success; ultimately at a penny each they all went off, and there is a legend that Rossetti, Swinburne, and Richard Burton were among those who discovered the hidden treasure in the penny box. Two years since a copy of this first edition sold was bought by Mr. Quaritch for twenty guineas—one of the copies he had sold nearly forty years before for a penny. It is a curious, pathetic, lonely figure that Mr. Glyde conjures up in his rather fragmentary biography, but the personality of Edward Fitzgerald is one of singular charm. ("The Life of Edward Fitzgerald." By John Glyde. Pearson.)



1. Sailor hat of biscuit straw, trimmed with mauve silk, a huge rosette of mauve silk muslin and fancy plumes.
2. Louis XVI. hat in white straw, trimmed with black lace and two black feathers. The transparent crown is of black lace over white muslin, with cross-bars of black velvet knotted at the back, the loops falling on the wearer's hair.
3. Hat for the theatre or calling, ornamented with three white pigeons. Gold-spangled crown.
4. Toque of coarse écu straw, trimmed with lace scarves, knots of black velvet and a rosette of turquoise blue silk posed jauntily against the hair.
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"MARSAC OF GASCONY"

Thanks to the labours of our dramatic adaptors, the typical Gascon hero of the French stage is becoming as familiar to English audiences as he has long been to playgoers on the other side of the Channel. The new heroic romantic comedy in which Mr. Edward Vroom, the American actor, made his appearance on Saturday evening at DRURY LANE, in the double capacity of author and actor, follows closely upon the production of the English version of M. Rostand's *Cyrano de Bergerac* at WYNDHAM'S Theatre, and is decidedly a play of the same class. Mr. Vroom has prefixed to the programme an acknowledgment of his indebtedness to Paul Scarron, Théophile Gautier, and some unnamed life of Molière. Had he been in the mood, to be more explicit, he might have added that its story and principal situations are derived directly or indirectly from Gautier's romance, "Le Capitaine Fracasse," of which more than one French dramatic version exists. For the systematic heightening of the melodramatic colouring of the work Mr. Vroom is more directly responsible. Gautier's hero, Sigognac, as is confessed by his choice of a stage name, has a full share of the Gascon hero's tendency to bombast and *fanfaronnade*; but Mr. Vroom, while bestowing upon him a new name, has chosen so to exaggerate his boisterously extravagant attributes that Adrian de Marsac becomes, in his hands, a figure rather of opera

bouffe than romantic comedy. His duels and hairbreadth 'scapes from ambushes prepared by hired assassins are like the gable ends of Dickens's Maypole Inn, decidedly more than a lazy man would care to count on a summer's day. As to his picturesque poses and noble sentiments they are inextinguishable. For a while these displays appeared to arouse a sympathetic feeling in the vast audience. But the human mind



MR. WYNDHAM AS CYRANO DE BERGERAC
M. ROSTAND'S PLAY AT WYNDHAM'S THEATRE

cannot be kept for three hours in this high state of tension, and before the curtain fell upon Adrian de Marsac's long series of thrilling adventures there was a manifest tendency to regard his amazing feats of prowess, together with his lofty speeches, as matters that were not to be taken too seriously. This point once reached it will happen that some unlucky passage in the spoken dialogue will seem to have a special application to the occasion and provoke a titter in the house. To this rule

Saturday was no exception. When Miss Eva Moore, in the character of the heroine, happened to exclaim, "Oh, these first nights!" an outburst of laughter indicated that she had given voice to the feelings of more than one spectator. For all this the reception of the play was not, on the whole, unfriendly, nor did Mr. Vroom have cause to complain of the welcome accorded to him on his first appearance in this country. Under more favourable conditions his excellent gifts, which include a strong and flexible voice and a good stage presence, will doubtless suffice to secure for him a yet stronger hold upon the sympathies of English audiences. Nor should the new play be regarded as hopeless. The story is interesting, or would be, if it were set forth with more simplicity, the mounting is exceedingly picturesque, and the acting generally is spirited. With a careful revision of the dialogue with a view to tone down its marked tendency to what Mr. Vroom's countrymen call the "high-falutin'" style, it ought to have good chances of success.

The Opera Season

THE opera season will commence a fortnight hence. M. Jean de Reszké has notified to the management that he will make his first appearance this year on Friday, June 15, and on the same day his brother Edouard will rejoin the troupe. This will put an end to a good many conflicting rumours about the co-operation of the great Polish tenor. During the past week there have been some changes in the company, one of them owing to the sudden illness of Madame Eames in New York, so that it has been found impossible for her to take part, as was at first anticipated, in the first few weeks of the London season. Instead, therefore, Miss Margaret MacIntyre has been engaged. Miss MacIntyre has recently been singing in Russia, and, still more lately, has taken part in a few concerts in London, and in some representations of opera in English by the Carl Rosa Company in the provinces. It is hoped that Madame Eames will be able to take up her contract later in the year. It is anticipated that the season will open with *Roméo et Juliette* on the 14th, Madame Melba playing the Shakespearean heroine. Madame Melba, by the way, has recently been suffering from the after results of influenza, and she was unable to sing at Dresden and elsewhere. She is, however, now better, and appeared, as we learn, at Cologne last Sunday. The rest of the opening week at the Opera will probably be devoted to two performances by Madame Calvé, namely, *Carmen* on the Wednesday and *Cavalleria Rusticana* on the Saturday, two performances by Frau Ternina, namely, of *Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser*, and probably the debut of the new Australian *prima donna*, Miss Miranda, as Gilda in *Rigoletto*, and the *rentrée* of Miss MacIntyre in *Aida*. It is, however, possible that Madame Melba may be able to sing twice in the first week, in which case she will appear in *La Bohème*, one of the other operas just announced being cut out for her. Herr Paur has been engaged to conduct the representations of German opera in June and July, and among the other engagements are two for the stage managerial department, which has for some little time past been neglected, but which, it is hoped, will now be safe in the hands of M. Almanz, of the Brussels Monnaie, and Mr. Neilson, who will be more especially concerned with the German representations.

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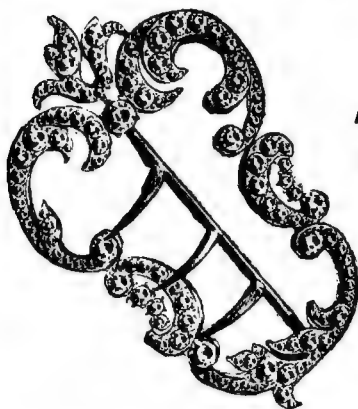
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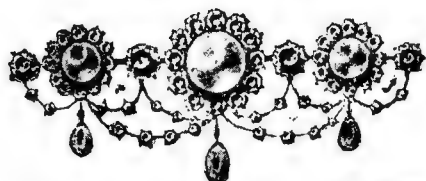


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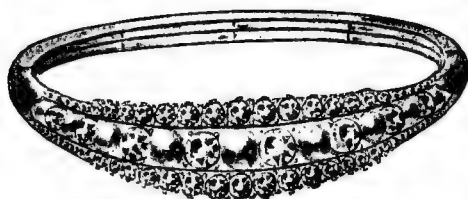
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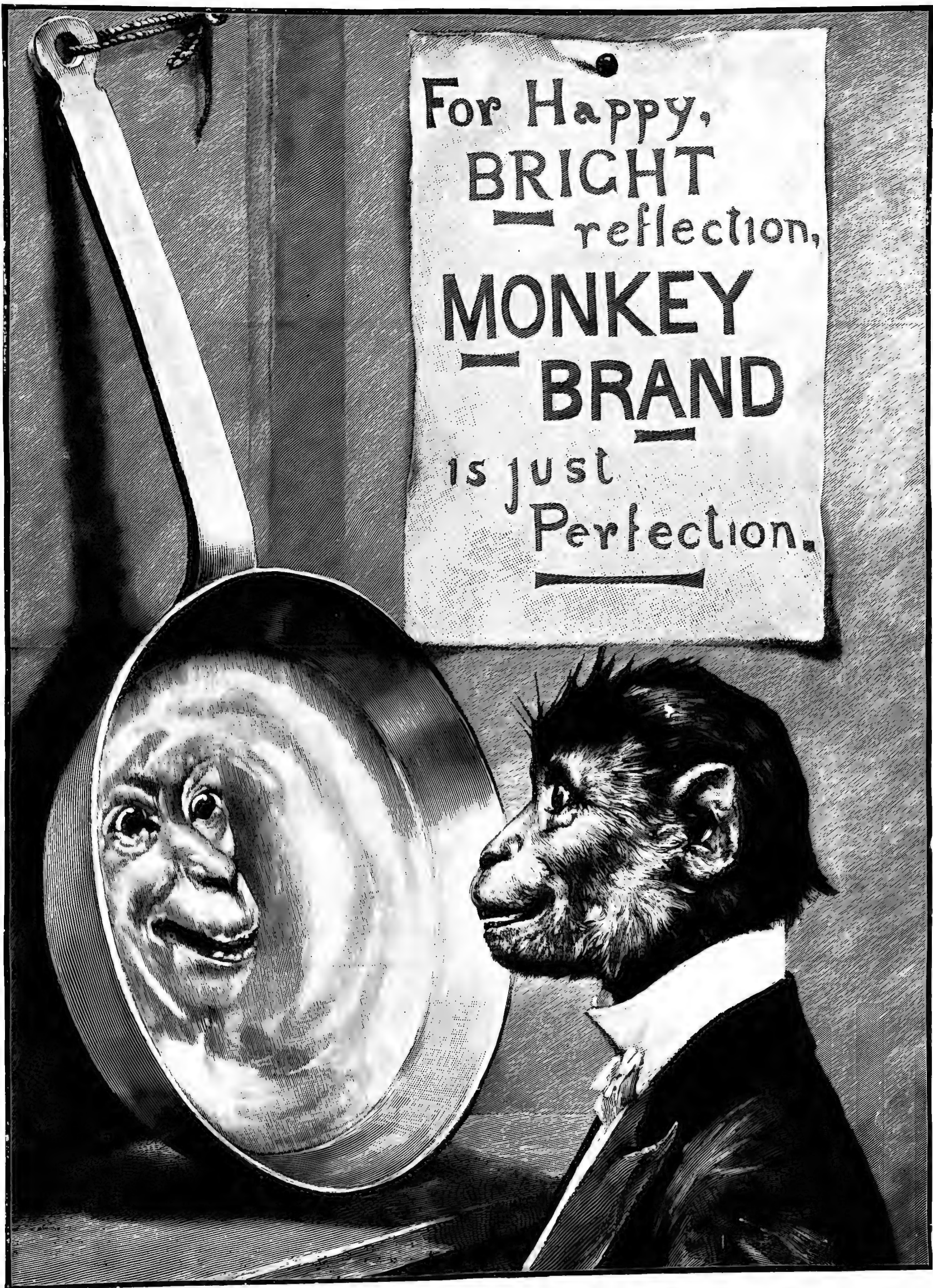
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New Novels

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Those altogether charming and delightful stories, "A Welsh Singer" and "Torn Sails" (to say nothing of others), have made the author, Allen Raine, the novelist *par excellence* of Wales. "Garthowen" (Hutchinson and Co.) will help to secure the position which these obtained, and is good evidence, besides, that its writer's chosen subject, the lives of Welsh farm and fisher-folk, are not yet within measurable distance of exhaustion. So much is this the case that it seems, at least in Allen Raine's hands, to be able to stand by itself, without much support from anything in the way of a story. The plot is little more than the meeting, after a separation since childhood, of the young sailor, Gethin Owens, and the charmingly good and pretty shepherdess, Morva of the Moor, with its natural and finally happy consequences. But then what a number of persons are thus brought into action—all as full of distinct and living character as if they were actually real! Even so unfamiliar a personage, unfamiliar at least to non-Celtic experience, as "Spirit Sara," with her strange insight that passes for inspiration, is realised; and such a scene as the public confession in chapel of the old farmer, Gethin's father—in itself a powerfully pathetic scene—will carry conviction even to minds by which such a situation is scarcely otherwise to be conceived. No doubt the Wales of Allen Raine is always more or less idyllic and ideal. One feels that such a Cardiganshire ought to be preserved under a glass case—especially if it contains many such girls as Morva. But then Allen Raine's is just the hand to execute the operation, that is to say, to find the delicate meeting point where what seems ideal and idyllic coincides with what is the most essentially and characteristically real and true.

"PRINCESS FEATHER"

A. C. Inchbold's story of the Southdowns, and of the Sussex coast about Seaford (Hutchinson and Co.), belongs to those happy times—for novelists—when the smuggler was very much alive, and

when war was a natural condition to be taken for granted. Elizabeth Kemp, nicknamed by the envious neighbours among whom she had come as a stranger, "Princess Feather," which seems to be a Sussex synonym for the plant generally known as London Pride, is a girl of unknown parentage, but of innate ladyhood, who falls into too hasty a marriage with a handsome blackguard, and

his fellow-ruffians, male and female, hold a "sale by candle" of the men's wives, Elizabeth included, may seem incredible to-day; but it is by no means out of keeping with things that used to be done in some of the more savage parts of rural England within a hundred years ago. The author has a fine sense of historic as well as local colour, and employs it with good effect upon a story which maintains a high level of picturesque and dramatic interest till a thoroughly satisfactory close.

"THE ENCHANTER"

The name of U. L. Silberrad on the title-page of a novel as its author is new to us, and we have consequently the more satisfaction in calling attention to "The Enchanter" (Macmillan and Co.) as distinguished by unusual cleverness, and by something better than mere promise. No doubt the practitioner of black—most horribly black—magic in a mysterious tower among the Essex marshes, and the way in which he makes use of an inoffensive curate for the furtherance of his ghastly designs, is a good deal less convincing than daring. Moreover, more important things are left unexplained than the Hebrew scholarship of a common brick-maker, with nothing else to distinguish him from his fellows. But any reader who has enough imagination of his own to fill up the blanks—and enough need not be much—will not fail to feel the real power of the more dramatic scenes, especially when they are enforced by some wild aspect of nature, or to enjoy the old-world atmosphere of an out-of-the-world village, though it must be owned that its humour is rather grey and grim.

"THE ADVENTURE OF PRINCESS SYLVIA"

The contribution of Mrs. C. N. Williamson to Messrs. Methuen and Co.'s "Novelist" series under the above title is a pleasantly romantic idyll, acquiring additional fluency from the usually high position of its He and She. That the authoress had a model for her English Princess very consciously in her mind, while her Emperor of Rhaetia, the all-

accomplished Kaiser, is portrayed for all who run to read. In every respect "The Adventure" results in a cleverly imagined and attractive story of fancy and sentiment well balanced by humour.



The news of the relief of Ladysmith reached Trinidad a day or two after a festival, and the people gave vent to their enthusiasm by donning their costumes and parading the streets with bands playing. The procession was headed by hand-painted banners, and as the people moved along they sang "Rule Britannia" and "God Save the Queen" with all their might, cheering lustily at intervals for "The Old Flag," Generals Buller and White, and so on. So they continued until far into the night, one of the most satisfactory features of the proceeding being the orderly manner in which they were carried out from beginning to end. The most noticeable point in our illustration (which is from a photograph by W. H. Whiteman, Port of Spain) is that there does not seem to be a white face in the whole crowd.

LADYSMITH DAY IN TRINIDAD: COLOURED LOYALTY

consequently suffers even more than all that was to be expected. Griselda herself was not more long-suffering from a higher sense of wifely duty. The scene in which Michael Tagg, her husband, with

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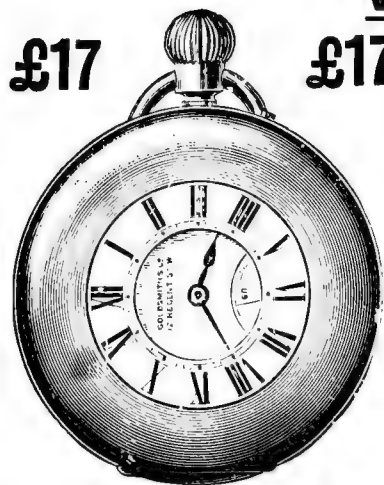
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The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTTLE

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

It is a curious thing that so many writers on the localities of Dickens will persist in treating the Golden Cross in the Strand of the present day as if it were the Golden Cross of "Pickwick" and "David Copperfield." Whereas the hostelry connected with these two novels was altogether different. The inn where Mr. Alfred Jingle rescued Mr. Pickwick and his friends from the pugilistic cabman, as well as the one where David met Steerforth, was a good deal further west, and situated behind the statue of Charles I. The new hotel was not opened till 1832, or later, whereas Mr. Pickwick started on his immortal tour in 1827. Further, it may be recollected, as they drove under the archway, when starting by the Rochester "Commodore," Jingle exhorted them to beware of their heads, and then, turning to Mr. Pickwick, said, "Looking at Whitehall, sir?—fine place—little window—somebody else's head off there, eh, sir?—he didn't keep a sharp look-out enough either—eh, sir, eh?" Now if Mr. Pickwick emerged from the doorway of the present Golden Cross it would be quite impossible for him to have a glimpse of Whitehall from that point of observation. In "David Copperfield" we read, concerning St. Martin's Lane: "Now, the church which gives its name to the lane stood in a less free situation at that time, there being no open space before it, and the lane winding down to the Strand." And, furthermore, with regard to the interview between David and Peggotty, we are told, "In those days there was a side entrance to the stable-yard of the Golden Cross." This clearly points to the fact that it was the older of the two inns bearing the same title that Dickens had in view in his description.

The more I regard the new electric lamp-bearers in narrow thoroughfares the less I like them. They are all right when placed in the middle of the roadway, but when erected in the middle of a narrow sidewalk I fancy they will be rather a nuisance. Mr. Jingle said a cold lamp-post was a good thing for a black eye, but suggested that you would look something odd "standing in the open street with your eye against a lamp-post." I am inclined

to think the new lamp-posts in the parish of Saint Martin will be far more likely to give a black eye than to cure it, for with dazzling light above and darkness beneath I fancy a good many people will run against them, and if they do, and take a proof impression on their countenances of the decorative medallion portraying Saint Martin dividing his cloak with the beggar, they will doubtless find it to be somewhat painful. For my part I cannot see why these lamp-posts are in any case required in narrow thoroughfares. The illumination should be accomplished by brackets attached to the houses. If you ask me—which you don't—I should say these lamp-posts

would shortly have to be removed and my suggestion adopted.

The recent April weather, with its many and sudden showers, forcibly impress upon the Londoner how badly the sidewalks of his city are constructed. If you venture to walk out after a brisk down-pour you will find it very nearly as bad as wading in a trout-stream. Doubtless the companies in the electric interest have something to do with this—they have a great aptitude for pulling up the flagstones and a singular antipathy to placing them properly in their places—but it will be found that most of our footways are built on the wrong principle. They appear to be constructed to hold the rain rather than to throw it off. A few of them slope from the shops to the kerb, but many are absolutely flat. In some the flags are so unevenly laid that a series of puddles is produced, hence the pedestrian's driest course is to walk in the road. The best trottoirs I can recollect are those that once might be found in Brighton. I have not been in the place for many years, but I hear they have now well-nigh ceased to exist. These were of red brick, very beautifully laid in a flattened arch. On these pathways you might walk with the greatest satisfaction five minutes after a severest shower. Not only were they hygienically advantageous, but they were in the highest degree decorative. They always looked warm and bright in the sunshine, and when rained upon assumed the aspect of polished porphyry. I wonder what there is against the adoption of this kind of footway, or if the brick would be too soft for the ceaseless London traffic?

People who concern themselves with artistic copyright would do well to consider a case that came under my notice the other day. A picture was sold to a Mr. A, and the copyright to a Mr. B. At the close of the exhibition of the Royal Academy the picture was sent to Mr. A who paid for the picture, and at the same time Mr. B paid for the copyright. After a time Mr. B applied for the loan of the picture in order to have it engraved; but Mr. A absolutely declined to lend the picture on any terms whatever. He acknowledged that he did not possess the copyright, and said that he did not want it, but he was not such a fool as to give a good round sum for a work of art in order that he might lend it to other people. He said he bought it to look at, and he was not going to have it taken away from his gallery for a year in order that other people might make money out of it. When you come to think of it, he had a good deal of reason on his side, and yet it was very hard on the owner of the copyright and the artist, who would have obtained considerable publicity from the engraving. Probably the fault was with the artist, when selling the picture, in not reserving the right of reasonable access to the picture for the purpose of engraving; then the purchaser would know exactly how he stood.



On the left of the picture is a heliograph, and on the right a Hegbie signal lamp for use when there is no sun. Our photograph is by our Special Photographer, Reinhold Thiele

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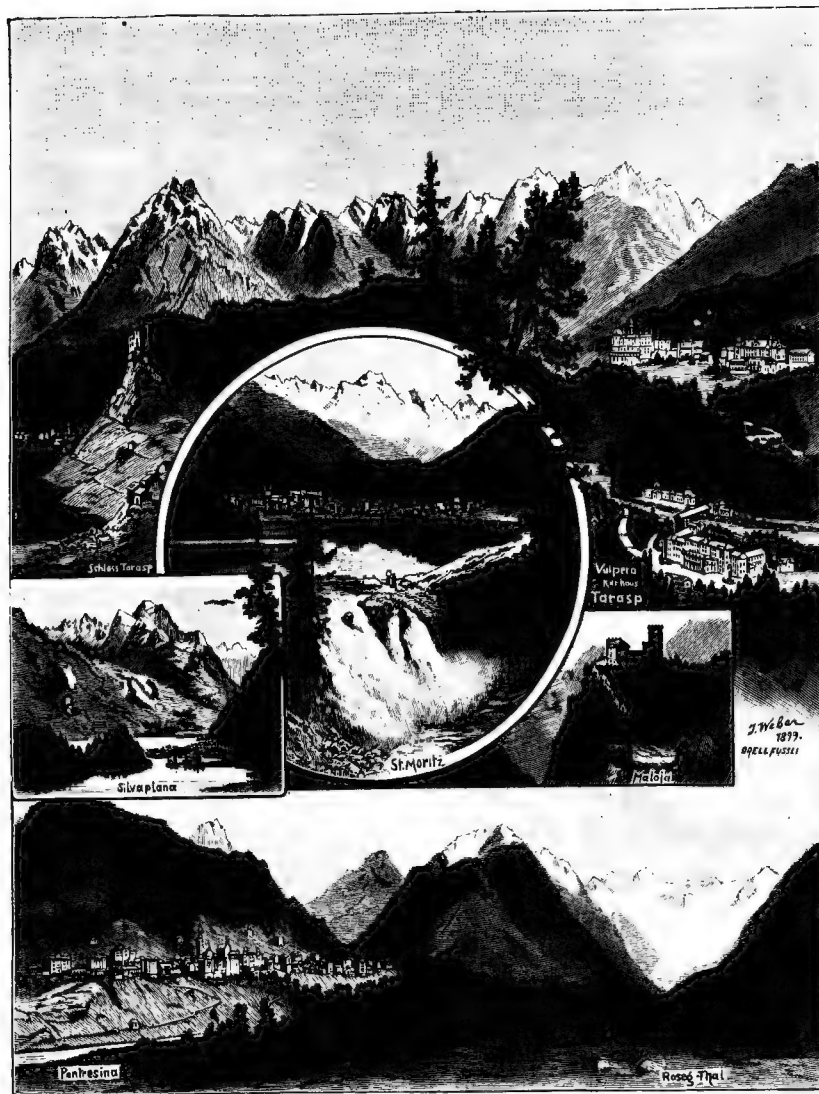
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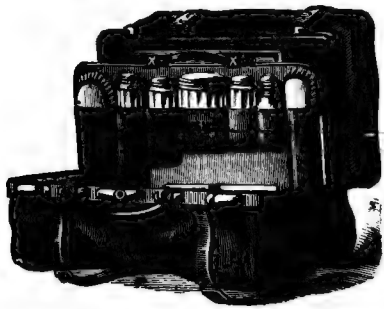
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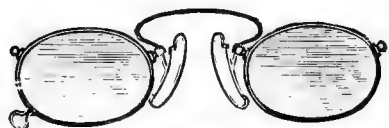
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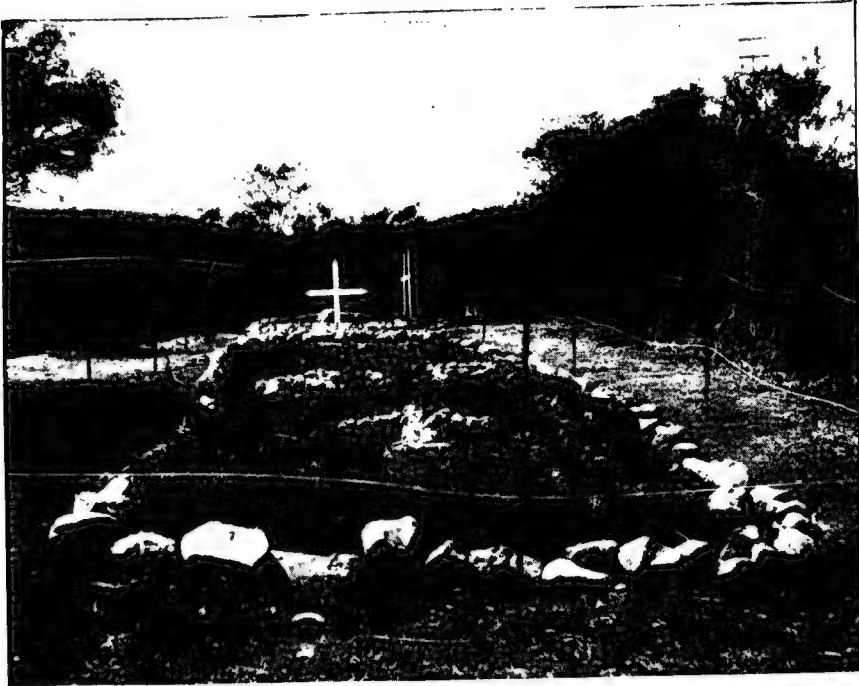
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Four Books on Sport

"THOUGHTS ON HUNTING" by Peter Beckford, Esq., is so well known and so deservedly popular that to criticise it would be a work of supererogation on our part. Written a hundred and twenty years ago, it has ever since been considered one of the classics of hunting literature. Many editions of it have appeared during that time, to which may be added one just published by Messrs Methuen and edited by Mr. J. Otho Paget, a gentleman who, both from his knowledge of hunting and experience as a writer, is well fitted for the task he has undertaken. Mr. Paget has in no way altered the text of the original; in fact, he considers that it would have been a sacrilege to have done so, but he has added some very useful notes, besides giving a short "Life" of the author of the "Thoughts." He tells us that Peter Beckford was born in 1740, and was the son of Julines Beckford, who, five years after the birth of the former, purchased the house and manor of Stapleton, together with certain rights in Cranbourne Chase, from Thomas Fownes, one of the first masters who kept a pack exclusively for hunting the fox. When young Peter had finished his school life his love of sport found vent first in keeping a pack of harriers, which soon gave way, however, much to the delight of

the neighbouring squires and yeomen, to fox-hounds. In 1773 he married Louisa, the daughter of Lord Rivers. His son became the third Lord Rivers by a special Act of Parliament, and his great-granddaughter married the ninth Duke of Leeds, "so that the present master of the Bedale is the direct descendant of the man whose name all fox-hunters honour." This edition contains many new illustrations by J. H. Jalland, as well as several reproductions of interesting old prints, including a portrait of Peter Beckford himself. The volume is exceedingly well got up and printed, and should make a valuable addition to any sporting library.

In his latest volume, "The Great Game" (Richards), Mr. Edward Spencer, better known as "Nathaniel Gubbins," the genial *bon-viveur* and light-hearted raconteur of the *Sporting Times*, narrates some of his experiences—and they are many and varied—of racing and race meetings. At different times he has come across many of the most famous—and not a few of the most infamous—turfites of the day, including owners, trainers, jockeys, to say nothing of touts, sharpers, and other members of the black-leg fraternity. The volume is crammed with amusing and droll stories, besides which, it contains a deal of information regarding the races of the past and celebrated "flyers" of bygone days. After devoting three chapters to the "noble animal," he says, "It really seems time to say something about the viler biped. Besides, I am simply bursting to tell an amusing story or two." In the succeeding



Mr. McCallum's house is situated between the Kimberley Road and the Middel. During the siege of Kimberley Mr. McCallum was shut up in the town, while his wife and family, who were in the house, were left exposed to the insults and boycott of the Boers. The house was used by Cronje's men partly as a shelter, and partly to draw the fire of our artillery on to it to revenge themselves on Mr. McCallum for his pronounced British sympathies. Our photograph is by our Special Photographer, Reinhold Thiele

A RUINED HOMESTEAD AT KLIP'S KRAAL

chapters he proceeds to "burst," with the result that story follows story, anecdote follows anecdote in quick succession, each one more amusing than the last, until we arrive—only too soon—at the concluding page of the book.

Captain M. H. Haynes, F.R.C.V.S., is the author of several well-known technical works on the horse, but the two before us are of a somewhat different stamp and partake more of the nature of books of travel and reminiscences of people he has met in Russia and Africa. "Among Horses in Russia" (Everett) deals with three trips that he made to that country, at the invitation of the Russian military authorities, to demonstrate before them his methods of breaking horses. He was also commissioned to select suitable animals in England for the officers of the Chevaliers Gardes, and for the Grand Duke Paul. The book is exceedingly well written and illustrated, and the account he gives of his adventures with the most vicious and difficult horses that the Russians always brought to him to tame, and his description of their studs, and their ways of dealing with refractory steeds are most interestingly and graphically told. In Africa, as in Russia, Captain Haynes was accompanied by his wife, herself an accomplished horsewoman and writer. In his "Among Horses in South Africa" (Everett) he tells how the Boers were as delighted with his performance on horseback as they were with the instruction in horsemanship given by himself.

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Rural Notes

THE SEASON

SEVENTY degrees in the shade have been attained since Easter, and the mean daily temperature has been six degrees above the average. That at night has been very variable, falling on two separate occasions to 44 degs., and on two other separate occasions not falling below 54 degs. A mean of 51 degs. has been recorded for midnight, and of 57 degs. for midday; for the whole twenty-four hours 54 degs. has been the mean. Now the average temperature of April is only 47½ degs., and thus an excess of 6½ degs. has been recorded. The temperature of April, 1899, was 49 degs., or a degree and a half above the mean. The hottest April day on record was April, 1865, when 82 degs. in the shade was the midday register. April sunshine varies enormously, from 88 hours, which was the most recorded in 1889, to 231 hours, which were enjoyed in the magnificent April of 1893. Last year only 90 hours sun were recorded, or 48 hours less than the mean. This year this total has been much surpassed. The growth of vegetation since

Easter has been rapid; chestnuts, lilacs, poplars and laburnums are coming well into leaf. The limes, oaks, and elms are backward by three weeks however, and the wheat is considered to be four weeks behindhand.

THE BEGINNING OF SPRING

In an uncertain climate it is extremely difficult to fix any date for the beginning of spring, but as an average of seasons we should be inclined to fix it at about the 23rd, 24th, or 25th of April. This may seem to most people very late, but let us consider what are the signs without which no real commencement of spring is borne in upon the ordinary dweller either in town or country. In the first place, the leafing of the trees is the first great signal of change; while the chief sorts of trees are bare it is winter to the average observer. But it is not until about a month after the vernal equinox that even the earliest trees are at all green, and it is not until this date that elms, planes, limes and oaks show the least sign of leaf-buds. The spring birds are the next great signal. These, it is true, are with us in favoured localities by mid-April, but the nightingale is not usually heard in the London district until about a week later, neither are the swallows seen along the Thames. The

swift does not reach even our southern coast till the third or fourth week in April; the earliest we ever saw was at Christ Church on April 25, 1896. The blossoming of the chief fruit trees is another leading sign in the orchard counties, while in the metropolis we should perhaps date the coming of spring from the giving up of fires, and the abandonment of the overcoat for walks when the sun is up. "Change not a clout till May be out" is the old saying, but our ancestors' proverbs come to us from widely varied latitudes.

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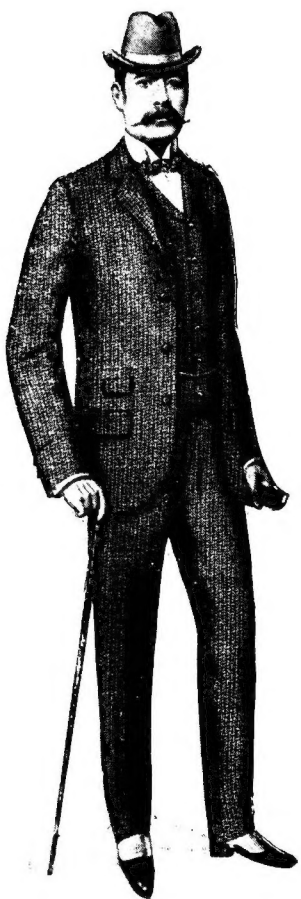
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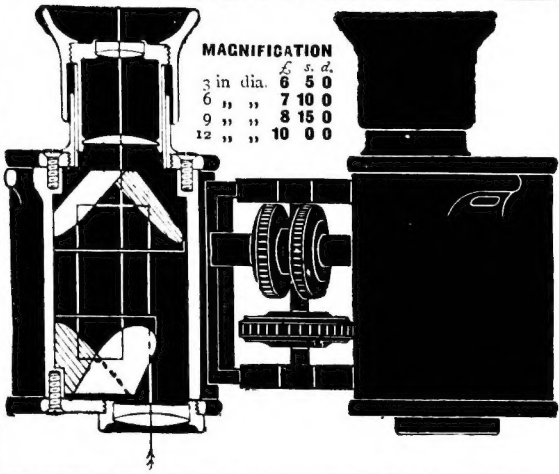
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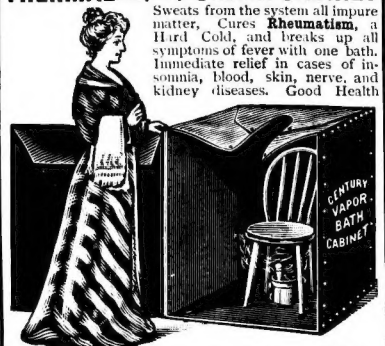
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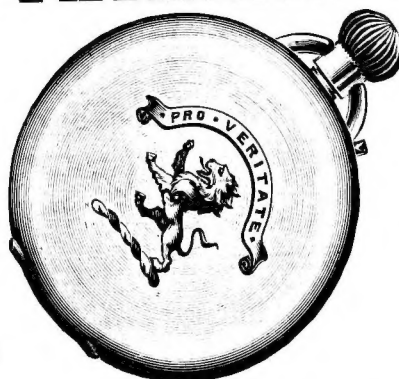
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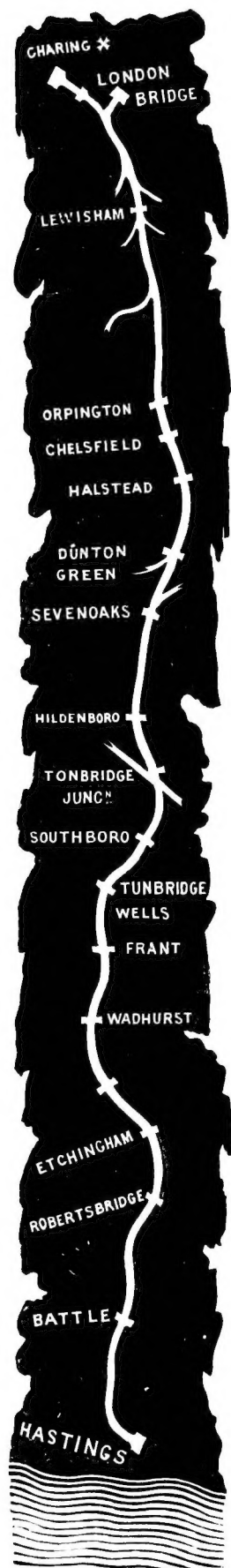
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Printed at 12, Milford Lane, by GEORGE ROBERT
PARKER and AUGUSTUS FIDES THOMAS, and
Published by them at 170, Strand, in the County
of London.—APRIL 28, 1900.